John Bull, September 1, 1923.
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Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 900. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK
AND
ENJOY
LIPTON'S
TEA

THE LARGEST
NET SALES
OF ANY
2d. WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
IN
THE WORLD

SENSATIONAL INCREASE IN OUR INSURANCE BENEFITS

Shave *this* way

Learn the Soothing Lotional Effects of Palm & Olive Oils

Isn't shaving a bore largely because lather dries on the left side of your face while you're working on the right? And the drawing sensation after you have finished?

We have done away with those old time discomforts for you. The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream "stands up" full and moist till you get ready to cut it off.

And when you've finished shaving the Palmolive way your face feels easy and fresh — without the use of any cosmetic, because Palmolive Shaving Cream is *soap and lotion combined.*

Try it at our expense — then you'll agree it is incomparably the best.

The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21-31, Eagle Street High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream

10 Shaves Free

Please send me FREE a 10-Shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Name..........

Address.......... J.B., Sept. 1.

P.Sco.

Sensational Increase in our Insurance Benefits!

THIS week we are able to make an announcement of far-reaching importance to every reader of JOHN BULL.

Our great Free Insurance Gift has long been recognised as the most generous, the most comprehensive and the most practical that is offered to the public to-day.

With a view to giving our readers the advantage of the knowledge gained through our unrivalled experience in this field, we have now decided to remodel our benefits and to increase the scope of our scheme.

The new Benefits which we announce this week will come into force as from September 10, 1923, and are designed to make our Free Insurance Gift even more practical and even more comprehensive.

Fire Benefits Increased

FIRE is the most common, and most dreaded of all risks—one which is ever present, and from which no one is immune. This benefit, the most popular of all with our readers, we have **INCREASED FROM £200 TO £400.**

This increase in itself represents an addition of 2/- per annum to the value of our Free Gift, and increases the total value of this Benefit alone to 8/- per annum.

We have also increased the benefit in the case of death of husband and wife as a result of fire in the home **FROM £500 TO £1,000,** thus making still more generous provision for their dependents.

New Sport Benefits

THE new Sport Benefits which have been included at the special request of thousands of our readers will make a strong appeal to every Britisher. Accordingly, we have provided benefits both for accidents which prove fatal and those which cause disablement.

This Revised List of Benefits which comes into force as from September 10th, 1923, cancels and supersedes the existing Schedule of Benefits.

IMPORTANT.—Present Registered Readers who are fully qualified for this new Schedule of Benefits should cut it out and pin it to their Registration Certificates.

Here are the NEW BENEFITS

Fire

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or **£125** in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home and Garden

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

Household Benefits

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or **£250** in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

Sickness Benefits

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

Sports

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football.	Tennis.
Cricket.	Hockey.
Golf.	Lacrosse.

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

Boating and Bathing

£250—If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer.

New Boating and Bathing Benefits

THE alarming number of fatalities recently reported in the papers emphasises the value of the new benefits which JOHN BULL is now offering under this heading. No reader can afford to ignore the ever-present dangers which attend both boating and bathing.

The wonderful Insurance Gift which we now offer to our readers would, if taken out through an Insurance Company, cost the reader at least 25/- per annum.

JOHN BULL
OFFERS IT TO YOU FREE.

Before you turn over this page be sure to sign the Forms at the foot. It is better to register to-day than to have cause to regret to-morrow.

Do not Re-register

Readers who are already registered are automatically qualified for the New Benefits announced on this page, and should not re-register unless they have changed their address or their newsagent since registration.

Readers who desire it may obtain confirmation of their registration upon application to: Registration Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2, provided that they enclose halfpenny stamped, addressed envelope.

Full conditions governing JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift appear in this week's issue on page 28.

The announcement of hundreds of benefits paid this week is unavoidably held over owing to lack of space.

FILL IN THE FORMS NOW

CUT HERE.

J.B., 1.9.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.
I have sent a signed order to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull."
Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature ....

Home Address..
....

Name and Address of Newsagent ....
....

Date............ ....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate acknowledging registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE.

J.B., 1.9.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....
....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address..

Date ....

£11..0d. Book for 7s. 6d. for Registered Readers only. See page 30.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line, averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 53, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start, useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKET MEN & BEGINNERS. —If you want real value in Remnants, Cut Lengths, and Ready-mades, get in touch with Levy's, Ltd., Manchester Warehousemen, 20a, Commercial Rd., London, E. Wholesale List free.

SHOPKEEPERS, send for Bargain List of Stationery, Pipes, Fancy Goods, Postcards, etc. —W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J. B.), Grimsby.

E.P.N.S. Tea Spoons, 2/6 doz. Sample doz., 3/-, post free. Wholesale only. The cheapest manufacturing house for Stainless and other Sheffield Cutlery. List free.—Elect Cutlery Co., Rockingham Street, Sheffield.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots, and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103, to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 18, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

BUYING AGENTS.—Practical Novelty, just out. Everybody uses. Amazing demonstrator, competition impossible. Easily sold. Enormous sales assured. Weekly repeaters. Excellent profits.—Write, Sales Dept., U.D.C., 243, Upper Street, London, N.1.

AGENTS wanted in every Factory, Workshop, or office. Excellent terms. Samples free. —"Miniatures," 124, Old St., London, E.C.

AGENTS, AWAKE!—New idea—new field—new article for every home, every office, every shop. Success guaranteed. Send 1/6 for samples.—Radion Co., 19, Brick Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CHOCOLATE CLUBS. — Agents wanted. Best makes supplied. Highest commission paid. Particulars free.—W. Garratt, 20a, Stockley Street, Northampton.

IF YOU WANT AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better businesses, try a little Ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisements Dept., John Bull, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance, payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., at the rate of 8s. per line of approximately 6 words. 3 lines minimum.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. Co., Dept. 180, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

CHRISTMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS. — 500 spare-time Agents required for London's largest Club. No outlay. 5/- in £1 commission; best-known makes supplied. — Write for particulars, Popular Co. (Dept. M.), 183, Caledonian Road, London, N.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/13. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 186, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fasc., well-pd. Home Industry (patented). Stpd. add. env.—England-Richards Co., 20, King's Lynn.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words). 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

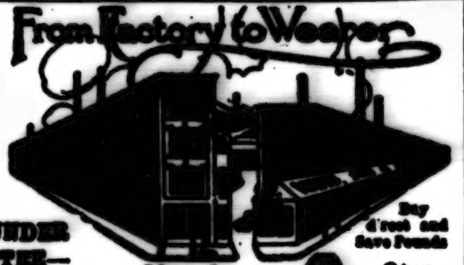
ANYONE with a taste for lettering can earn £5 weekly at home; new profession; unlimited scope; rapid tuition; low fee.—Write, Gordon Service, 17, Bristol.

800 EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunities.—Contains 120 Spare-time Employments, 41 money-making Schemes (small capitalists), 300 Trade Secrets, 150 Patent Medicine Formulas, 1/6, post paid. — J. & B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

WATCH From Factory to Wearer

MANUFACTURERS'
RECORD BARGAIN
OFFER TO
"JOHN BULL" READERS

THESE WATCHES ARE SOLD UNDER THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE— SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.



Buy direct and Save Pounds

GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER

No. 1. 20/- POST FREE.

Open View, showing Dust Proof Dome.

Specification—Best Lever Movement Action. Perfect Timekeeper. Guaranteed 10 years. Extra Strong Case fitted with Dust and Damp Proof Dome as illustrated. Fitted with Patent Release Action and cannot possibly be overwound.

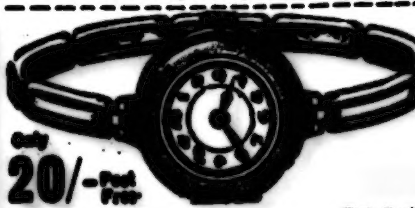
So sure are we of its ability to withstand hard usage that we enclose a

10 YEARS' GUARANTEE

with each watch sold. Post free 20/- only. Every "John Bull" reader should seize the opportunity of securing one of these Handsome Full Hunters. Exact reproduction of a 20 Guinea Model.

Also in superior quality, 40/-

Send post card for Free Fine Art Catalogue of Watches Clocks, etc.



Only **20/-** Post Free

Also in Gents' size. Leather strap. 20/- post free.

No. 2. GENUINE GOLD FILLED EXPANDING BRACELET WATCH. GUARANTEED 10 years.

High Grade Fully Jewelled Movement Action. Timed to a minute a month. Finest workmanship, fitted with expanding bracelet, expands to fit any size wrist. Honestly worth 3 Gns Post free 20/-

Also Stocked in **SOLID GOLD 25/-** and 6d. postage. Fitted with black Silk Moire Band. If required with Solid Gold Expanding Braclet 20/- Extra.

GENTS Size **SOLID GOLD** with second hand and fitted with leather strap Post Free **40/-** Shop price 6 Guineas

BETTER VALUE THAN WE OFFER IS FRANKLY IMPOSSIBLE.

Compare our prices and judge for yourself. Thousands of "John Bull" readers are in possession of our watches and have written us, remarking on their wonderful value. *DO NOT DELAY.* Send your order to-day under the Guarantee Terms to

WATTS, SON & CO., (DEPT. J.B.30)

London Office & Showrooms :—327, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. (Enc. stpd. env.)—Morse (H.K.J.), 145, Duke Street, Liverpool.

START Stickless Firelighter business with £1. Earn 10/-, 20/- daily. Apparatus, 12/6. —Partics., Redman, Thornton, Bfd., Yorks.

BARGAIN SALES.

NEW Costumes, Coatfrocks, Suits, Boots, Bracelet Watches and Field Glasses for the holidays on easy terms, from 1/- wkly.—List free, home or abroad.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for illustrated price-lists. Discount for cash, or by monthly instalments. Established 30 years. — Charles Riley, Desk 18, Moor Street, Birmingham.

CYCLISTS! LISTEN!—For limited period only. 1,000 Royal Winchester Cycles offered at bare manufacturing cost. 5,000 real Cable Cord Tyres, exactly HALF price. Hundreds more staggering offers. Illustrated List Free. Drop Postcard NOW.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 50, Padiham, Burnley.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

AMAZING BARGAIN.—Genuine Gold-filled Expanding Bracelet Watch, fully jewelled movement action. Shop price, 3 gns. Our price, direct from factory, 20/-. Catalogue sent free.—Watts, Son and Co., 327, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

SUIT and Costume Lengths to the public at wholesale prices. Patterns free. — George Stewart, 30, Divis Street, Belfast.

FANCY Leathers, 18 lovely colours, 9d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 3d. stamp for set of patts.— Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.— Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. Emse Inst., Forty-seven, F. Grove, Portsmouth.

LEARN Estate Agency Management and Business Booking: Spare time or full time: £5 to £10 earned weekly in own district, while learning at home.—Write, Dept. A.10, McGrath Institute, 20, Southampton Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

PERSONAL.

WILL H. J. F. communicate with Hal Talbot or J. Wyman (confidential)? Everything quite settled. Will leave everybody for you.— Edie.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 60, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 3/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derbys.

The MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

SURGICAL GOODS
AT CUT PRICES.
Enemas, best quality rubber only, from 2s. Syringes, 1s. Suspensory Bandages from 9d., and every description of Surgical Rubber Goods at Cut Prices. 76-page Catalogue Free on application.—Le Brasseur Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.R.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Partics free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.) Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No jumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1783U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages; Elastic Hosiery, Elastic Rupture Supports and Surgical Goods of every description. Best quality only at the cheapest prices. Write for Catalogue, sent post free on application. — W. GEORGE, LTD., Dept. J., GREEN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 bot., p.f., or write for partics. "Routors," 31a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

SURGICAL GOODS and Appliances.—Suspensory Bandages, 1/6, 2/6; Patent Suspensory, 4/6; Trusses, abdominal belts, enemas, elastic hosiery and surgical rubber goods of every description; latest catalogue free.—Lowest cut prices.—J. R. Charles and Co., West Green Road, London.

WIND, Dizziness, Weak Nerves. Sample cure stamp.—Mr. Mrs. Wilson, Herbalist, Bradford.

SURGICAL GOODS. — Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. —Write for free Catalogues (Dept. B), Blake's Medical Stores, Nicholas Street, Bristol.

FOR Heart, Brain and Nerves and the Restoration of Youth. Sample Packet free. Call or write, The J.B. Damaroid Company, 42, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL Goods and Appliances.—Suspensory Bandages, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6. Abdominal belts, enemas, elastic hosiery, and surgical rubber goods of every description. Latest catalogue free. Best goods only.—Call or write, Messrs. J. R. Rendell & Co., 2, Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

GET WELL Permanently. — the "Nature Science" way—no drugs, or exercises. Send 1½d (postage) for booklet.—Mr. B. Scott, 47, Huddlestone Road, London, N.W.2.

SURGICAL Rubber Goods for all purposes; cut prices. Lists free.—Renown Rubber Co. (Dept. J.), 10, Albemarle St., London, E.C.1.

FINLEY'S FOOT SUPPORTS ease the feet. Only 5/- per pair, post free. State Ladies' or Gent's and size of footwear.—Finley, 54, Lower Thames Street, London.

SURGICAL, Domestic, Rubber Goods for all purposes. Reduced prices. Write for list.—Parable Products Co., Water Lane, Twickenham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

USE THIS FREE SERVICE.—A good Want-Ad. is one that relates frankly the facts about the proposition involved. If you have an offer of merit appealing to the great buying public, have your Want-Ad. expertly written by John Bull. John Bull is bought by over 600,000 people weekly, and has an intermittent reading circulation of many times that number, to whom the classified advertiser can make his appeal. Send summary of your offer to-day to the Small Advertisement Dept., John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"To think I let these go by for two whole years"
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

He thought all cigarettes were alike. He didn't dream that the cork-tip could make all that difference

You just try them!

20 for 1/-

Made Specially to PREVENT SORE THROATS

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

VOL. XXXIV. No. [illegible]
Week ending Saturday,
Sept. 1, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard [illegible]
Telegrams: Heroically, London

*For the People—
the Right to Justice and Truth.*

The Paper on
which the Sun
:: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Beginning.

M. Poincaré wants the lion's share as usual, but he is not unwilling for discussion to take place. As we prophesied last week, he is beginning to climb down. The hint of debt repayment has given him a nasty jar.

Why Not?

Since Mr. Baldwin is in France why not take the opportunity of having a private and frank conversation with M. Poincaré? There's nothing like it for bridging over difficulties.

The Thing To Do.

And let him make it clear that Britain is ready to co-operate with France in exacting just payment from Germany as soon as France abandons the mad Ruhr adventure.

A Clumsy Manœuvre.

The notorious Herr Stinnes is pretending to make common cause with the Socialists to help towards a settlement. As he is the real obstacle to such a settlement this "eyewash" will deceive no one.

Cupboard Love.

American business men have told their President that they are anxious to help Europe to straighten things out. Exactly; it's touched *their* pockets now—hence their sudden interest in the problem.

At Last.

President Coolidge is in favour of the abolition of Ellis Island and the selection of immigrants abroad. This is the only way to remedy what has long been an unsavoury scandal.

Thank Goodness!

M. Venizelos has announced his final retirement from politics. If he really means it another of the disturbers of Europe's peace is well out of the way.

The Grim Shadow.

Unemployment increased by 20,000 last week. Once more we warn the Government of the consequences this winter of their criminal neglect of this terrific problem.

The Way Out.

If the railways continue to sit on £130,000,000 which could be used for providing work, urgently needed, for thousands, they may get an unpleasant surprise. Elsewhere in this issue A. G. G. has something to say about this!

Get Busy!

The Electricity Commission has fifteen schemes all cut and dried. So far only three have been launched. Why doesn't it get busy on the other twelve and so provide useful work for thousands?

Now for Work!

The arbitration award for the building trade has been signed by all parties—and that's that. Now let's get to work and build some houses.

Driven from Home.

Tens of thousands of skilled engineers have already emigrated to America in search of jobs. So the devastation of Britain by the Ruhr proceeds.

Lucky Slaves!

It is reported that there are at least 1,000,000 slaves held as property in Abyssinia. The number of out-of-works in Britain who would be glad to be someone's property is even greater.

Paying the Price.

There is an alarming decrease in the birth-rate. It is the inevitable penalty for failing to solve the twin problem of housing and unemployment.

A Pretty Game.

The Government Committee "watching" building prices advises purchasers not to pay increased prices for prompt delivery of bricks! The pretty game they disclose by saying that should be put down with a firm hand.

Merely Justice.

The recommendations of the Lytton Committee are what JOHN BULL has been urging for many months—that priority in the Civil Service should be given to ex-Service men. We expect the Government to see that it is done.

The White Elephant Moves!

The Ministry of Health has done something useful at last by drawing up regulations to define and control dried milk. A strong effort to ensure the purity of liquid milk would complete the good work.

Cheating the Public.

The Committee on Prices has definitely proved the existence of butchers' "rings." It is the Government's duty to put an end, once and for all, to this deliberate fleecing of the consumer.

Deliberate Fraud.

And surely it would be a simple matter to stop the ramp of selling imported meat and chilled beef as "English"—and charging "English" prices for it? Such rank dishonesty should be exposed and heavily punished.

The Week-end Ramp.

In certain districts tradesmen have a little habit of increasing their prices at the week-end when wages are paid. It is a dirty trick that can speedily be ended by a boycott of the shops concerned.

Cool Cheek!

The milling trade is wanting millers to stop working their mills at the maximum so as to keep up the price of flour—and therefore of bread. For sheer impudence such a proposal wants a lot of beating. We shall keep an eye on the said millers.

Killing British Farming.

In spite of the "starvation" in Germany thousands of tons of potatoes—labelled "Dutch"—are being dumped here, and the British grower is being forced to sell at a loss.

Robbing the People.

The practice of enclosing common land for Government works is increasing at a dangerous rate. Surely when such land is needed other sites than public beauty-spots can be acquired?

More False Economy—

Because the Government could not grant the use of a dock for a fortnight Portsmouth has lost a merchant ship contract worth £20,000. Our Admiralty mandarins are painfully out of touch with the needs of the country.

—And Admiralty Extravagance.

And why on earth should the Admiralty require £1,134,000 now, when in 1914 £457,000 would do? This administrative red-tape waste must receive the serious attention of Parliament.

Naval Waste.

At the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, are 227 students. They require a staff of 356 to look after them. No wonder the Navy now costs £14,000,000 as against £8,800,000 pre-war!

A Definite Case.

We have frequently accused Government Departments of sweating. What has the Postmaster-General to say to the offer of 2d. an hour as the wage for a caretaker operator at Hayes? No wonder the job is still unfilled!

Beyond the Pale.

Employers who refuse to pay even the miserable wages guaranteed by the Trade Boards are unworthy of any consideration. Such cases are becoming all too common and the Government must see that these safeguards are rigidly enforced.

No Wonder!

There is a shortage of 8,000 clergymen in the Church of England. Knowing the miserable wages that are paid under the high-sounding title of "stipend" we're not in the least surprised.

Ugly.

Ugly stories of men and women paying in cash and kind for the privilege of keeping their jobs are being whispered about Whitehall. There must be an inquiry and the whisperers must be made to speak up or take the consequences.

Political Intimidation.

We entirely agree with the M.P.s who are protesting against the veiled threats and intimidation being used by trade and other bodies to force them to take certain action. The ballot box is the proper remedy when an M.P. fails to satisfy his constituents.

Political Windbags.

The Communist Party is organising a great campaign in all the industrial centres. Before it's over they'll get some nasty shocks—or we know nothing of the common-sense of the British workman.

A Strange Omission.

An alarming trade in hashish—a deadly Indian drug—is springing up all over the country, and as it is not covered by the Dangerous Drugs Act the offenders cannot be prosecuted. This must be remedied as soon as ever Parliament reassembles.

Inquiring.

It is true, we believe, that the authorities have ordered a secret inquiry into the Mason case? But why secret, and why not extend the inquiry to the part that Eddie Vivian played in the corruption of Mason?

Reform Wanted.

As we said last week, the public will never know the real truth about the Mason case. But if they are wise they will insist on an end to the present system under which the police play one criminal against another in the hope that the worst of the two will save his neck by giving more or less reliable evidence necessary for the conviction of the other.

Not Even Breathing Space.

A child was born in a room at Milton Regis, Kent, which was already occupied by the father and mother, a young woman of 25 and three children of school age. The infant died of suffocation—and no wonder. The Health Minister should make an energetic move, but he won't. More's the shame.

To Our Shame!

Mrs. Janet Ann Newbury is one hundred and one years of age. In her youth she was one of the nurses who went through the Crimean War with the great Florence Nightingale. Strange that her last earthly home should be in a workhouse infirmary, seeing how many useless persons are annually placed on our civic pensions list!

Brotherly Love.

When Reginald Osborne, of St. Austell, got into difficulties through bathing in a disused clay pit, his younger brother, aged 19, immediately plunged in to his rescue, although he could not swim. The pit was at least eighty feet deep, but Frank Osborne thought of that no more than he thought of his own danger. That both young lives were unfortunately lost takes nothing from the lustre of this latest name upon the nation's roll of honour.

Hearts of Stone.

The palm for crass stupidity and senseless officialdom must be handed to the Leighton Buzzard Guardians. Two unemployed men, who said they were getting into debt because the dole barely kept their families in food, asked to be given stone-breaking in exchange for out-relief. The Guardians, in their wisdom, decided that as the men were not destitute the stone-breaking (although available) could not be given. And so *hearts* are broken.

Beneath Contempt.

Eva Fuller, who until last November was a member of the Town Council of Dover, has sued Thomas Fuller for desertion and maintenance of her two children. It transpires that although the couple had lived together for eighteen years as man and wife, and partly brought up their family, the marriage knot had never been legally tied—a fact of which the man has now taken advantage. A woman good enough to mother a family for nearly twenty years, and able to enter the town council on the votes of her neighbours, is worthy of better treatment.

Something Must be Done.

When Charles Meakins, an auxiliary postman, was brought before the magistrate at Westminster for stealing postal orders from letters, the latter refused to convict until further enquiries had been made. Further, he referred to the case as "a sad one," implying that the man's miserable emoluments were to blame rather than his character, especially as it transpires that he has an invalid wife to support. While robbing the public is no remedy for bad conditions, it is clear that one of our most important public services must free itself from implications of this sort.

More Misplaced Mercy.

Screams, curses, and the swish of what was thought to be a whip led to the discovery that Patrick Murphy, of Leven Street, North Ormesby, was thrashing his helpless, imbecile step-brother with a pair of braces, which were blood-stained, in a back room. A constable found it had been the common practice to flog the imbecile whenever he screamed and disturbed others, treatment the Magistrate's Clerk at North Ormesby properly described as being on a par with practices in the Middle Ages. The mind of the bench is revealed by the fact that Murphy was fined 20s.!

About Time, Too!

The many thousands of women engaged by the Pensions Ministry, including the host of pin-money girls, are to be removed to give place to ex-Service men. This is good hearing. Those who offered their lives to the country should come first.

A Crying Scandal.

The disgusting way in which pensions are administrated and particularly the glaring injustices of the Appeal Tribunal make it imperative that an inquiry by an independent body should be instituted. We look to Parliament to see that this is done.

Pilfering Pensions.

Dr. H. B. Morgan has published a terrible indictment of the Ministry of Pensions from professional experience of its treatment of pensioners. The work of "pilfering" pensions, he declared, is done by men of military age who had stayed at home. The bullying of broken men by hefty shirkers is the last word in cruelty.

A State-broken Hero.

Classed A1 and provided with but one suit, Territorial May was sent to the Essex coast in the first weeks of the war. Bitter weather and frequent drenchings played havoc with his lungs, and he was marked B2. Finally discharged he suffered from hæmorrhage of the lungs, admitted by the Ministry's experts to be due to war service. Refused a pension, the victim went on parish relief. What a damned iniquity!

Whitehall Parsimony Again.

On the death of her ex-soldier husband in hospital, Mrs. Lock, of Pwilgwann, Glam., received, with the stereotyped "regrets" of the Ministry of Pensions, a curt note that the funeral costs would be defrayed. On the strength of this, she made her poor arrangements, only to have the bill dishonoured by the local office, which "knew nothing about it." The distraught woman committed suicide. A full inquiry must be made into this matter.

The Price of Life.

A lonely sick woman, at Drummer Stoops, near Darwen, obstinately refused to receive medical treatment, and was found dead on her bedroom floor. Possibly one of the many who fear doctors not so much as doctors' charges. Because of these they foolishly risk their lives, either by neglecting themselves or by becoming the victims of dangerous and ignorant quacks. A problem of what is best, when between the devil and the deep sea, for the poor but honest sick.

The Pride of Leeds.

Leeds must be proud, indeed, of its modest heroine, Miss Marjorie Pratt, a student, of Inglewood Terrace. When a London schoolmaster got out of his depth off Hunmanby Sands, a lonely part of the Filey beach, and was on the point of being drowned, Marjorie, who was on holiday, did not hesitate. She plunged into the sea, brought him ashore, and saved his life. Now she says her noble act is not worthy of any fuss. Which just shows what a grand girl Marjorie is.

The New Law.

Two boys, aged fourteen, being caught stealing gooseberries were fined 5s. 6d. each. The parents were ordered to give them a good thrashing in the presence of the police, despite the fact that they had already dealt severely with the "criminals" for this most dastardly crime. This "thrashing in the presence of the police" is an addition to English Law, invented by the Chairman of the Ludlow Bench. Let's go one better. What about stoning such "hardened criminals?" Those who've never sneaked a bit of fruit in their youth to cast the first stone?

Sensational Increase
in our
Insurance Benefits
For full particulars see page 2.

A Chance for Nance!

Lady Astor having successfully stopped a boy getting a drink before he is eighteen might carry on the good work by stopping him getting a wife before that age. At present he can marry at sixteen—and not infrequently does. Such a state of affairs is both bad and absurd.

Whose Fault is It?

A young girl of sixteen applied to the Oldham Police Court for a Separation Order from her husband, also sixteen years of age. These two children were already the parents of one child. And yet, in spite of facts like these, we still send missionaries out who preach against the child marriages of India!

Yes, We Have Parlours!

The Ministry of Health doesn't know where it is! After its proposals for tiny houses, strongly criticised when the Housing Act was before Parliament, it now comes out boldly with a denial to the suggestion that it is discouraging parlour houses under the new Act. "Such suggestion is entirely without foundation," Mr. Chamberlain says. Like some of the houses, in fact!

To be a Farmer's Boy.

The following comes from Essex. During a spell of torrid weather a farm hand was taken ill in the fields and another farm worker undertook to see the sufferer home. For this act of common humanity he was mulcted of his wages to the extent of the two hours he had taken over the job, being told by his employer to apply to the sick man for the shortage. Pity no one can make a horse-whip sing about this fellow.

A Case for the Cat.

The sort of step-father Alfred Stanley, of Hessle, was to Nancy Lister, a fifteen-year-old child, is disclosed by the way he ill-treated her. With a knotted whip he thrashed her inhumanly, causing weals across her shoulders and bruises and marks. Not content with this, he kicked her when she fell terrified and trembling to the floor. Such ferocious treatment of a child calls for more severe punishment than two months' hard. Only flogging can cure barbarians.

Other Brutes Beware!

Two callous brutes, William and Dennis Williamson, will have an opportunity during the next month to think over their treatment to a dumb animal. At Clenchwarton, while under the influence of drink, they ill-treated a donkey in such a way that the sound of the blows was heard a hundred yards away. One of them beat the animal with a thick stick, and the other kicked it till it fell. The Terrington Bench sentenced them to a month's imprisonment with hard labour—a just sentence which should act as a deterrent to other brutes.

Sterner Measures Needed.

There can be no sympathy in the heart of anyone for David Jarvis, sentenced at Aberayron to six months' imprisonment. This defiler of childish innocence sneaked up to a farm at Blaendelyn, and asked Ann Humphreys, a girl under sixteen, for some bread and butter. She kindly gave him some, but when he discovered that she was alone in the house, he repaid her by dragging her into a cowshed and attempting to assault her, but fortunately the child's terrified screams brought a neighbour to her rescue. More imprisonment is too light a punishment for such lascivious beasts as Jarvis.

Warn Your Daughters!

A sad story was revealed at the West London Police Court when a seventeen-year-old wife charged her husband with wilful and murderous wounding. Young Elsie Margaret was assistant to a tobacconist in Hammersmith, were Ko Ko Gyl was a regular customer, and she fell in love with him and married him. Ko Ko Gyl is a Burmese studying law at Cambridge University. He became jealous of his wife after a few months of married life and stabbed her in the shoulder and chest with his own knife. That is a practice for which English law has penalties. All the same it is a great pity that English girls allow themselves to be led away by the plausibility of these Orientals.

Oust the Asiatics !

Following our recent protests on the subject, the Trades Union Congress has now decided to discuss the unfair employment of Asiatic labour on British ships west of the Suez. They must press the Government to legislate on the matter. British seamen are starving meanwhile.

Shame of Liverpool.

The Great Howard Street pawnbroker and outfitter, Henry Cowle Jones, says that in his district, at Liverpool, everybody lives on parish relief on Tuesdays and the dole on Friday. Which shows that on Merseyside extreme poverty is to be added to the list of social ills which includes bad housing and the shameful doings in Chinatown.

Irritating America.

What is the Government doing in regard to Lt.-Col. Sir Broderick Hartwell, Bt., and his precious whisky smuggling scheme? It is an open conspiracy to trick America and Britain, as well as a fine game for mugs, and should be stopped for the sake of this country's good name.

Britain's "Ellis Island."

What a wonderful contrast our "Ellis Island" is to the little hell on the other side of the Atlantic. At Eastleigh, where three of our big shipping companies have converted aeroplane hangars into a huge hostel, European emigrants wait their turn to go to the United States and Canada. Everything is clean, the sanitary arrangements are perfect, food is good and plentiful, and there are happy smiling faces everywhere. When Uncle Sam learns to think of others beside himself conditions at his own Ellis Island may improve.

"Land of Lost Illusions."

Our strictures on Australia House have met with warm approval in Australia. "The office of the High Commissioner should be abolished," says Mr. John Thompson, member for Claremont, Western Australia, "and Australia House should be reorganised from top to bottom." It is now revealed that the shipping companies here pay £1 a head to emigration agents reserving passages for emigrants, and large numbers of people who apply at Australia House for selection are sent to these agents to have their papers filled in.

Cut Out Such Fooling.

Miles of red tape are still tying up some people. The Christchurch (Hampshire) Guardians appointed themselves a new Clerk by ballot, to be informed afterward by the Ministry of Health that this was illegal, the appointment having to be made by open voting after due notice. At the last board meeting this was to be done, but the new Clerk himself discovered that the necessary fourteen days' notice to each member was not given. So now he is a Clerk and isn't, but all legal formality will be observed at the next meeting. What a game!

Britons Never, Never Shall.

A young man employed at a Bridport hotel was kept working every day for thirteen and a half hours, for which he received eight shillings per week in addition to his food. As he had to pay out of this six shillings for a bed—naturally he left the job. Unable to find further employment he applied to the Sherborne Guardians for relief, but all he got was the remark from the chairman, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for leaving the work you had." Well, well, Britons aren't slaves yet, but gentlemen of the Sherborne chairman order would like to make 'em so.

Screwed up to Pitch.

A startling sidelight upon marriage is given by Mr. J. Beard, superintendent registrar of marriages, who declares that frequently men come to be married when under the influence of drink. To make matters worse, an Eccleshall Guardian declares that quite recently he witnessed a wedding where both the contracting parties were drunk, and the only thing about which the officiating clergyman troubled was the securing of the fees. No wonder that such unions find their end sooner or later in police or divorce courts! And the bigger blame certainly lies on those responsible for the proper conduct of weddings.

Blind Stupidity.

Mr. W. M. Turner, chairman of the Central Strike Committee of the dockers, says he has "neither remorse nor regret" for all the stupid chaos and added unemployment he and his colleagues have caused. His deluded dupes should, by now, know his real value.

Heads I Win—Tails You Lose !

In Water Street, Manchester, the Corporation Meat Store and refuse depot are close together. The Public Health Committee are taking proceedings against the Cleansing Committee for creating a nuisance. They may settle out of Court; but if not, the ratepayers will pay as usual.

Ten Years' Evil Unremedied.

Ten years have passed since the public analyst of Hull, Mr. Arnold R. Tankard, found that the eczema on the hands and arms of a number of bakers was due to a chemical added as an "improver" to the flour. The suspected flour contained potassium persulphate. The evil exists to-day, although the taxpayers have to pay for a so-called Ministry of Health, whose officials seem to be quite unaware of the many evils that need immediate attention.

Willington's Wonderful Waste.

Bitter complaints have been made at Willington Urban Council that since the waterworks became a county scheme the cost of the water had doubled; that when they were a private company dividends were paid, but now there was a yearly deficit; and that many people were absolutely without water at all. It was stated in reply that the position would improve, but that meantime the inhabitants must pay, pay, pay—for blundering and incompetence. Wake up, Willington!

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A "John Bull" reader writes to me as follows: "I am rather struck by what you say on the advantage of being nobody. It is true beyond doubt, but had not occurred to me before. Now have you any consolation to offer to one of life's derelicts who has never had a chance of making good?"

If I understand this appeal aright, I think I know how to answer it.

All men desire to excel: a few succeed to their own satisfaction.

Any normal human being hates the thought of becoming a mere piece of driftwood on the ocean of life; he wants to take his part in the world's work and contribute his share towards the achievement of general well-being.

Moral rot sets in when this purpose is in any way stultified or abandoned—which indeed is one of the greatest dangers of the present time.

Character and self-respect are closely dependent upon fidelity to this purpose and lost without it. It is a purpose which can never be relaxed from youth to age if we are to stand well in our own esteem and that of others.

But there are persons who through no fault of their own, or in consequence of venial mistakes, find themselves in the evening of life on a lower rung of the ladder than when they started.

They are conscious of having come to nothing. The promise of their youth remains unfulfilled; others have passed them in the race; their friends and relations hold them cheap for their failure to arrive.

But the truth is that our standing in life matters not a jot.

Ruskin says in "Sesame and Lilies": "He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

If this lesson be well learned we have little to mourn over, let our circumstances be what they may.

Cinema Sinners.

Somewhere in Southend there is a clique of fools or rogues who, under the name of the "Essex Film Co." advertise private lessons in film-acting—"appearance in actual film guaranteed." We warn all susceptible readers that there are thousands of experienced film artistes out of work and further defy the "Essex Film Co." to guarantee that the "film" in question will be longer than 500 feet or be exhibited in any bona-fide kinema in the country.

Shylock's £6 of Flesh !

Most moneylenders make a charge (usually of a few shillings) for the preliminary investigation expenses. But J. Pinto, of 4A, King Street, Hammersmith, W., has evidently extravagant tastes, and from two of our readers he has extracted sums of £4 12s. 6d. and £6 6s. In both cases the promised loan failed to materialise, and the borrowers wrote Pinto asking for the return of their money. They are still waiting.

Daughters of the Horse-leach.

Florence Wright, of Bermondsey, dealt with at Tower Bridge Police Court for failing to register as a moneylender, is only one of a large number of women who are social pests of the most pernicious type. The poor dupes of Florence Wright have been paying on small borrowings a rate of interest that works out at four hundred per cent. Now Florence must pay a fine of fifty pounds or go to prison for six weeks. What is really needed is drastic legislation to stop this kind of swindling.

Other People's Money.

Somebody in the Civil Service of Northern Ireland is pulling the taxpayer's leg to some tune. Circulars concerning the Civil Service Rugby Football Club have been sent through the post in O.H.M.S. envelopes. The circular itself is a bulky affair of four typewritten foolscap pages, and has been sent to all other members of the Civil Service in Northern Ireland. Just what the total cost of typing, official paper, pins and envelopes is, will hardly trouble the young sparks of the Civil Service. Isn't there a taxpayer to fall back upon?

Tired of His Wealth.

We recently commented on the "philanthropy" of Ralph Kennedy, St. Mary's Chambers, W.C., who asks 5s. for a racing tip and offers, in the event of the horse not winning, to refund 10s. Kennedy does not confine his generosity to horse-racing, but is willing to give to all and sundry for the ridiculous sum of 5s. a "Bullet" that will walk away with our first prize! Should there be a slip somewhere in our office and we forget to award the prize to Kennedy's "original pointed and polished lines," he will compensate you for your failure by sending along other efforts. Have nothing to do with him.

Another White "Hope"!

There is a pugilistic lad in the "Good Hope Manufacturing Co." we should dearly like to meet. Unfortunately the "Co." is in Montreal, Canada, and distance is his safeguard. Our recent criticism of the shady practices of this firm have brought us a letter from a reader enclosing a note from the White Hope in Montreal. "We are not the least bit afraid of anything your uncle can do to us," he writes courteously; "and as for JOHN BULL, we are surprised that anyone would have anything to do with that paper." But after this, we'll be surprised if anyone has anything to do with "Good Hope," etc.

Caught at Last.

We have frequently stated that an example should be made of the leeches who swindle ex-Service men setting up in business, by selling them worn-out wrecks of horses. One of them, James Andrews, of Pulford Street, Pimlico, has had something approaching his deserts. He sold a poor ruin of a horse to an ex-Service man, which was a case for the R.S.P.C.A. when it was put to work. However, instead of putting the innocent dupe into the dock, the R.S.P.C.A. proceeded against Andrews, and he was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour. A few such cases will wipe out the wretched business.

Jobs—While You Wait

In spite of the present deplorable state of the labour market, with summer slumps, trade stagnation, strike threats and what not, there is one firm that manages to make ends meet.

This is C. W. Petty & Co., who can be found at any time at their offices at 58, Haymarket. Their method of money-making is one of the most unsatisfactory one can imagine, for by running an employment agency they are taking advantage of the eagerness of young men to obtain work, and taking from them shillings they can ill afford to lose.

This is the Petty way. Their advertisements, inserted amongst "Situations Vacant," state definitely that they have jobs waiting. The result is that there is a continual trek of young hopefuls towards the rooms occupied by this enterprising firm. When they get there they give a despairing look round the already filled waiting-room, and stand in their positions in the queue on the stairs. But Mr. Petty, or whoever it is who does the interviewing, does not waste time.

Tactfully he makes it appear that he has already marked the applicant down for the job. By a few well-chosen words each is given the impression that out of the dozens of others he is a very likely man for the post. Then he is asked to fill up a form and pay a fee of half-a-crown.

When he calls at the office the following morning he is told that the director has just phoned up to say that he cannot see any applicants to-day! If Mr. Petty is asked the name and address of the firm, he replies that "They refuse to see anybody without a personal introduction from me. I will write you and fix up an appointment."

Further enquiries elicit the fact that "the firm is one of the finest in the world," but a direct question as to whether it really exists or not failed to get a reply.

Whether Mr. Petty has ever had the pleasure of drawing the "5 per cent. commission on the salary, increase, or other benefit received during the first year," which becomes payable on acceptance of any position "secured directly or indirectly through C. W. Petty and Co.," it is difficult to say. Perhaps he is too busy banking the half-dollars to worry about this.

Mr. Petty's form contains many pertinent questions which he desires answered, such as, "Can you invest money?" and "If so how much?" Very important and significant questions. Whatever else may be the matter with Petty, he is certainly not potty!

There seems to be only one flaw in Petty's pretty scheme. He should have another door through which he could usher out his clients when their interview is over, then it would be impossible for them to compare notes when they came out.

A Magical Master of Miracles

If you are easily impressed by the long words, the impressive phrases and the highly coloured claims of advertisements of patent medicines, and if you suffer from an occasional tickle in the throat, it will be to your interest to note carefully the facts revealed in this article.

The age of miracles has not yet departed. If you read the advertisement columns of certain papers you will find the miracle workers busily engaged in telling the world all about the magic they can perform. Loud in the chorus of these self-appreciative magicians is Elmer Shirley, of 52, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

Elmer is a watch-dog on behalf of humanity. When the North wind doth blow and we shall have snow, and what will Cock Robin do then, poor thing, Elmer wakes up and get busy. He steps out like the doughty champion he is to do a man's part in warding off from the human race that deadly enemy, Catarrh, or, as he defines it, in a parenthetical and explanatory clause (chronic cold in the head).

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You may not realise, but Shirley does, what a terrible fellow Catarrh is. Shirley tells you that it sends a slimy and poisonous mucus into the stomach, the intestines, and other organs, causing malnutrition and debility and even consumption itself, while it lowers resisting power to disease, and, generally speaking, frightens you almost completely out of the Great Adventure of Living.

Elmer is the deadly foe of deadly Catarrh. He stands no nonsense from it. He has got a remedy—an absolute, iron-clad, copper-bottomed, riveted-and-bolted cure, something that makes the catarrh germs fold up their tentacles like the Arabs, and as silently steal away.

Nor does he keep it to himself. He gives away his remedy to others who have not yet learned how to read the Riot Act to their germs, and lead them along the path of absolute and complete surrender.

He has an outfit that will polish up your Eustachian tubes and make your tymphanic cavity something to take round and show off to your friends. And, he says, above all, you are to *send him no money*. The germs hear it and shudder.

He will send you on the outfit and ask you for no money *for himself*. All you have to do is to send him 25s., not as a fee, but simply as a deposit against the value of the goods.

You get an automatic atomiser, and a crystal irrigator, and full instructions how to atomise with the atomiser, and to irrigate with the irrigator. If, at the end of ten days, you are not better, and your stomachic, pulmonary and other organs are still obstreperous, the Great and Learned Elmer will refund you the money in full.

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You must allow that this is pretty handsome. Shirley is generous. "I allow you," he says, "to be the sole judge in the matter—there can be no fairer proposition than this."

He is also businesslike. He includes a little memorandum on how to send money by post, to make all postal orders payable to Elmer Shirley, at Leather Lane Post Office and adds the acute observation that Treasury notes should always be sent in registered envelopes to ensure against loss.

If that were all it would be fine. It would command the admiration of everybody, except the menaced microbes that Elmer volunteers to atomise and irrigate out of existence. But it is not all.

If you are not satisfied, and return your atomiser and your irrigator, and ask for your money back, the money which this miracle-worker has promised to refund, you will be lucky if you get it.

Some of our readers have tried, but they have absolutely failed. In vain they have bombarded Elmer Shirley with repeated requests for their money, but he breathes fire and slaughter against their microbes and sticks to their postal orders.

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It is magnificent (for Shirley). But it is not war. It is not even common honesty. We therefore advise our readers not to put their microbes in pawn to Mr. Shirley. Even when he writes to you, and offers to atomise you and irrigate you for the mere bagatelle of 12s. 6d., do not yield to his blandishments.

It may be that he hates your microbes with a highly creditable malignancy. But——.

It is your money he wants.

The Cry of a Breaking Heart

Another Borstal scandal! Readers of JOHN BULL may well lift their hands in horror when they read this.

Time after time we have given chapter and verse of the heart-breaking life that is meted out to the boys who are supposed to be sent there "to make good afterwards." Nothing of the sort! You might just as well send the boys down a coal-mine in order to be clean.

When we called for an inquiry into the whole wretched system that broke characters instead of making them at this horrible institution, we knew that with the overwhelming evidence at our command the Government could not very well refuse it.

Our cry for a humane system was at first as a cry in the wilderness. We were alone. But, sure enough, the monstrosity of this scandal began to awaken sympathetic echoes in the hearts of all sane men. So that the Home Secretary of that day—Mr. Shortt—was compelled to move.

He held an inquiry to show how absurd were these allegations, how ridiculous it was for boys, who were actually getting on so well, to commit suicide when they failed to escape. Why he himself went to Borstal, in Portland, and dined with the Governor! That ought to show! But this white-washing inquiry did not mislead the public. Magistrates, at first taking the official view, now publicly endorsed our policy, and Grand Juries called, with us, for a real inquiry.

So far nothing has been done. But once more we are moved to intense indignation by the spectacle of little broken-hearted boys who come to this office and plead for advice. In all cases the institution which was to have been their succour has achieved the reverse effect—they have been flung on the streets, hopeless and helpless. We now call for some inquiry into the following statements made to us by one of these boys.

It seems that there is a young boy named James Lewis at Borstal who is so upset at what he believes to be the injustice of being kept there for an innocent act, that he has vowed he will get out even if he is carried out dead. What is it that has so moved Lewis to this state, which he is supporting by starving himself?

Lewis kept a motor repair shop. As is the custom in that and other trades, he had a notice put up in his shop that any repaired article left for more than three months would be sold. We suppose our readers have seen similar notices in boot repair shops.

Lewis repaired a bicycle one day for which the owner did not call within the prescribed time. So he sold it. Lewis was arrested and sent to Borstal for three years. Loudly protesting, the boy begged to see the Governor when he arrived at Feltham. To him Lewis declared his innocence. The Governor promised that the boy might be permitted to see the visiting magistrates in their next visit. These gentlemen heard his story and promised to consider the case.

Days of hope passed into months of despair. No word came. Lewis eventually tried to submit his case to the public tribunal by writing to us. But the authorities see all letters; so this avenue was closed. The lad who brought us the story, however, was found taking notes of the case—and got fourteen days bread and water for his pains.

The case of James Lewis must be inquired into. If it be a fact that this boy was sent to Borstal on the charge he names, we say it is outrageous. A summons claiming damages would have met the case. If the visiting magistrates do not reconsider this case, it is up to the Home Secretary to move in the matter.

Another Wicked Woman!

ONE of the most notorious and sinister figures in the night life of London is still carrying on her scandalous and highly profitable activities, fostering scenes of hectic excitement in her underground dens. This article gives details which the authorities cannot ignore. Prompt action must be the outcome of our exposures.

"FINES don't worry me . . . I'm getting quite accustomed to them now. I suppose they'll keep on fining me! Well, it can't be helped—you can't run night clubs unless you are prepared for this sort of thing."

The woman who used these words stood in the reception hall of a West End night club. In an evening gown, covered by a silk cloak with a fur collar, and a drink in her hand, she was chatting affably to a little group of clients in the small hours of the morning.

This woman is notorious. She is the Queen of the Night Clubs. And she has thoroughly earned this title. Her name is Mrs. Kate E. Merrick, and she lives at Devonshire Street, W.

* * *

Three years ago she was fined for running a horrible underground den near the Alhambra Theatre, Leicester Square. The place was a familiar haunt of women of ill-repute, of men of doubtful character, of the people who float around the West End with money to fling away, and with a complete indifference to such trivial matters as law and decorum.

The magistrate who fined her described this place as filthy. The reproach and the lesson were quite lost upon the Queen of the Night Clubs. She altered her address, not her dangerous activities.

She turned up again at 43, Gerrard Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, where she ran a club called the "Forty Three." Under her dominating influence this place also became notorious. The police raided the den, took a number of the people found there to the police station because they refused to give their names, and the usual and completely farcical procedure was followed of inflicting another fine. It was paid without a demur—£250 and the costs of the case.

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Again she renewed her inglorious and profitable career. She next turned up as the moving spirit of a night club at 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W. This she called "Les Folies Bergères."

At first it opened nightly at ten, and evening-dress was described as essential. Suppers were served to members and their friends, and breakfasts for those who remained on till the morning light of dawn began to show through the heavily curtained windows.

One of the chief features of the night's entertainment was a performance by a group of cabaret girls who, in the daintiest of array, danced in and out amongst the diners at the tables. After some time this attraction was withdrawn.

One night, when the revels were at their height, the police raided the place and found over a score of women and nearly fifty men on the premises, many of whom were drinking spirits and champagne, for which of course fancy prices had been charged. The Queen of the Night Clubs and her manager were fined in all between two and three hundred pounds.

Her young daughter, who had been allowed by her disreputable mother to figure in the low, underground den near the Alhambra, was also brought up on this occasion. She was at the club on the night of the raid, but pleaded not guilty and was discharged.

Again Mrs. Brasen Merrick paid and went back to her old haunt at 43, Gerrard Street, W., which had been carried on in the meantime for her by her son and daughter. There she speeded things up a bit.

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She improved upon her old practice of serving drinks to people in a little locked room on the ground floor.

Now she does things on a much bigger scale. Instead of the little locked room there is a spacious apartment at the end of a corridor on the first floor. You have to pass through several locked doors before you get to this place. When you do, you are in a miniature palace of revelry.

The light is dim, but sufficient to reveal little chairs and tables all round the room at which are seated men and women drinking, talking and flirting with vulgar abandon. The language of both men and women is coarse and obscene. The stories bandied about have one common note, that of shameless indecency.

There are two waiters, one in evening clothes busy bringing drinks to the customers. These drinks are supplied by a woman who sits in a corner where she has a little portable bar, a contrivance which can be closed down in a moment like a rolled topped desk.

This place is going on merrily at the present moment: it is now called "Proctor's Club." Dancing takes place there from ten at night till nearly six in the morning, and dinners, breakfasts and suppers are served to jaded girls and men.

But the success of the "Forty Three Club" is not sufficient for this greedy and prehensile woman. She likes to have two clubs running simultaneously, so that each in turn can pay the fine of the other.

Accordingly, on the ashes of the fine-strangled Les Folies Bergères, she built up a new club, in the same premises, and called it the New Follies Club. The New Follies, perhaps, but the old games of course.

Again the police appeared upon the scene. Again the familiar sequel. Again the usual fine, inflicted only last week. This time it amounted for her and a male associate who was concerned with her in the management of the place, to over eight hundred pounds. This did not break the spirit of the notorious woman.

* * *

On the evening of the day she was so heavily mulcted, she had the audacity to carry on at the New Follies Club exactly as though nothing whatever had happened. It was there that she used the words quoted at the beginning of this article, cynically uttered to a group of sympathisers, who asked her if this fine would knock her out of business.

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Here is what a visitor there saw—saw, let it be made clear, on the night of the day the law had vainly endeavoured by an eight hundred pounds punishment to stop her malevolent activities at the New Follies Club.

He saw, in the same place which had earned this heavy fine, men and women drinking from midnight until nearly four in the morning. He saw a one-legged cripple come in by the aid of two crutches. This man, looking very ill, joined the throng of drinkers, dancing having no attraction for him. After a time, in the effort to get to the balcony, he fell headlong down the step and had to be picked up.

He also saw a foreign-looking man endeavouring to get a drink at the bar and being roughly thrust aside by another customer who was the worse for drink, and who coarsely accused him of being a man of colour. "White men first!" was the slogan, and the two angry men were only separated by a crowd dragging them apart.

Mrs. Merrick protested and ordered the white-men-first hero out of the place. He obeyed her order by remaining exactly where he was.

In another corner a man and a woman were quarrelling loudly. In another Miss Merrick, the pretty young daughter of the Queen, was endeavouring to pacify a too exuberant customer who was making trouble all round.

At the other side of the room a man was talking angrily to a waiter over a disputed question of change.

The drinks were flowing freely. Whisky at one-and-sixpence a small glass, and brandy at half-a-crown. The head waiter and his assistant toiled manfully during the early morning hours to slake the unrelenting thirst of the night hawks.

* * *

Some of the customers remained to breakfast, a simple meal that cost them between three and four shillings each. And when the last reveller had departed Mrs. Merrick, and her son and daughter went home, carrying with them a great wad of notes as that day's instalment towards the next inevitable fine.

A day in the life of the Queen of the Night Clubs. Is it any use trying to stop this kind of thing by fines, however big? To the profiteers of night life in the West End of London fines are merely the crumpled rose leaf under the pillow of luxury, sensuous enjoyment and secure and substantial wealth.

Why is this brazen and incorrigible woman not sent to jail?

An Elusive Key-hole

IF a gentleman waits upon you and offers you the possession of a flat, you are entitled to shower upon him your grateful and heartfelt thanks.

If, in addition, he informs you that in this flat, which has all modern conveniences, and is beautifully located, there is no objection to children, and that you may even, if you wish, play the trombone, keep two dogs, three cats and if you insist, four monkeys, plus a parrot and a brace of parrakeets, then you ought to go down upon your bended knees and kiss the back of his hand.

But if his name happens to be Silas Kenwig Bienefton, do not kiss the back of his hand. Let the attack upon him not be a frontal one, and let it take the form not of the kiss of gratitude, but of the kick of contempt.

Silas is a mean trickster, living upon the house famine. He finds out people who are in need of a house or flat, and he calls upon them with an unctuous smile and an ingratiating manner and informs them that he has exactly the kind of house or flat they desire.

All you have to do is to specify the locality in which you wish to live, the number of rooms you want, and the rent you are prepared to pay, and Silas does the rest. He comes to you with the full particulars of such a flat.

There is only one little trouble. A flat like this is liable to be grabbed at once, and so you must come to your decision immediately. He has the key in his pocket, and he offers to let you have it on the payment of the preliminary fee of one pound.

As possession is nine points of the law, and as Silas produces the card of an apparently respectable firm of house-agents, you may think you are on sound ground, and take the key. In return he takes your money. Then he disappears.

When you go to look for your flat you cannot find the street. Or, if you find the street, you cannot find the number. Or, if you find the number, you find the flat is not to let. Silas is merely a swindler, selling you a useless key for a useful pound note.

He has been carrying out this swindle for the best part of a year. If any of our readers are approached by him we strongly recommend them to telephone for the police.

Swindled à la Sphinx

PROBABLY the most tempting bait that could be offered to an unsuspecting person in these days of widespread unemployment is that of a comfortable job with a good salary. The daily newspapers offer a wide field to crooks anxious to relieve people of their money.

Arthur Collier, who for some time this year made his headquarters at a well-known Kensington hotel, was as quick to see this as he was to transfer other people's money to his own pockets. Advertising last March that a manager was required for the London Branch of a touring agency at a salary of £500 a year, Collier got in touch with Mr. H. W. Crofton, a retired Army Officer who forwarded an application for the position.

Collier represented himself to be a director of the Institut Sphinx, 110, Rue Richelieu, Paris, a statement he backed up with official notepaper and documents of that concern. Following a long interview he agreed to appoint Crofton manager of a branch of the Institut to be opened in London at a salary of £30 per month.

But a security of £60 was required, Collier explained smoothly, his tongue moistening his lips in anticipation of the kill, his hands thrust deep in his pockets to prevent them wandering to the other man's. Crofton, as eager for the job as Collier was for his money, paid the £60—and no doubt thought of the days when he used to be unemployed!

And then things happened. With the money in his pocket, and a revived belief in the faith of humanity, Collier caught the first boat train and got back to Paris, from where he wrote Crofton telling him that he would return in a few days.

He has not been since seen by the man he robbed, but wrote many letters of apology for his tardiness, explaining that business in Paris was not conducted in the English way, and that the "French are terrible procrastinators."

These letters were type-written on the official paper of the Institut Sphinx, the managing-director of which concern has since written to Crofton stating that Collier, although employed by the Institut, had no authority to receive sums of money on any pretence; that he was in London only to get in touch with persons likely to be able to represent the firm at a future date; that the Institut declined all responsibility in the unfortunate business; and that Arthur Collier had already left their employ.

We consider that the Institut are almost as much to blame for the affair as is Collier. Why did they send on such an errand to England a man with whose services they so soon became dissatisfied. But our main concern is with Collier himself.

Here is a palpable case of money having been obtained by fraudulent misrepresentation. Scotland Yard should give the matter immediate attention, and in the meantime other people should beware of Collier.

Dangerous New Dope Craze

THE authorities are neglecting to take measures to remedy one of the greatest evils in our midst to-day—the sale of drugs which do not come within the scope of the Dangerous Drugs Act, but which are freely indulged in by hundreds of men and women, who eventually become moral and physical wrecks.

THE recent arrest of two restaurant employees, an Italian and an Arab, and their appearance before the magistrate at Marlborough Street, on a charge of having offered hashish for sale, has provided the public with a surprise.

This subtle and deadly drug is subject to no restriction on its importation, or sale, and its use as a substitute for the forbidden cocaine, heroin and morphine appears to be on the increase.

It is a cause of considerable comment that this maddening drug was not included in the Dangerous Drugs Act and that the Home Office had not apparently realised the extent of its sale, or has yet exercised its existing power to prohibit it and restrict its importation.

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The hashish habit is, moreover, no new thing in London and a long recognised evil in Paris, more particularly amongst wealthy degenerates of both sexes and their panders. Men and women of peculiar temperament who travel in the East frequently acquire the insidious habit, and bring home drug supplies. This is often the lure that calls them to the East again.

The exotic, or neurotic, who winters in Egypt, China, Japan or India, and has acquired the drug habit, finds little difficulty in satisfying this hideous craving. Hashish is the last resource of the degenerate seeking new and strange drug sensations and possessed of means wherewith to pay the costs of indulgence in the vice. The great price of all is paid sooner or later in madness and death.

Hundreds of neurotic women in Society who go out a great deal often lay the seeds of the drug or alcoholic habit quite innocently. It is a common habit with many such women to take a few drops of eau-de-Cologne on sugar, to brighten their eyes and increase their personal vitality. To maintain this effect, the dose soon becomes increased, and then, far too often, follows the deadly ether habit, at one time only prevalent amongst Frenchwomen.

Now the craze has spread amongst men and women in London, who may readily obtain supplies at any chemist or drug stores.

Another subtle way of fostering and encouraging the drug or alcoholic habit amongst women, and even young girls, is often provided by the high-class confectionery stores. New, strange, and often noxious fillings of subtle and exciting flavour, in large and expensive creamy or chocolate cases, are constantly being invented and have an enormous sale. They are in many cases filled with mild but dangerous drugs.

Medical men do not approve of this modern and unhealthy sweetmeat craze, often most insidious and dangerous in their effect on anæmic girls. Neither do they approve the spread of the craze for the daintily got up phials of tabloids for headache and nerve stress relief on which so many thousands of girl and women workers now waste so much of their sparse weekly pay.

Surely the time is ripe for an official enquiry into the whole question of the sale of harmful drugs in innocent guise and small doses that may spell death when taken continuously and in excess.

The Westminster coroner had some very strong things to say the other day about the unrestricted sale of a famous narcotic. He held an inquest on a woman, aged 35, "a morphia maniac," who was found dead in bed at an apartment house in Claverton Street, Pimlico, where she had resided for nine years. On a dressing-table the police found several empty (and one partly emptied) bottles of chlorodyne.

The doctor who made the post-mortem stated that he had found present a dark fluid smelling of morphia, and the verdict recorded was in accordance with this evidence, and further evidence that the woman was in the habit of taking chlorodyne. The coroner expressed his surprise that the sale of chlorodyne which contained a certain amount of morphia was unrestricted.

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Morphia maniacs are able to purchase chlorodyne at chemists and drug stores in any quantity for the sake of the morphia, small though it may be, and as they grow habituated to it, the quantities consumed grow also, with frequently deadly results, as in the case referred to.

Chemists get to know the morphia maniacs who resort to narcotic medicines like chlorodyne, but though they may advise them they cannot refuse the drugs.

If the Pussyfooters would start a mission or crusade against the unrestricted drug sale in camouflage or any other form, even though so many preparations of this type come from America, they would soon command a big following and big support for the effort.

Merry-go-rounds that Don't

IF we wanted to give a conspicuous example of the type of person who lives on the looseness of our company laws, we could scarcely do any better than tell the story of Mr. T. M. Sylvester. This man, who is a pukka showman, has lived for years by floating circuses which exist only for a few months, until the money put into them by people to whom big profits have been promised has gone.

His usual procedure is to appoint himself managing director at a very remunerative salary. For the first two or three months he is very busy collecting artistes and circus turns. He promises them a big salary and, until the show is ready to begin, draws his own salary with unfailing punctuality.

Only the other day Sylvester left a circus at Lowestoft high and dry, as it were, on the beach. This concern, which was billed everywhere as having the greatest aggregation of circus and speciality performers ever gathered together in one establishment, with every artiste a star in his or her particular line, ran only for a few days. Then, following the example of its many predecessors, it collapsed like a deflated toy balloon.

Nothing daunted, Sylvester made his way back to town and resumed his comfortable seat at his desk at 64, Haymarket, S.W., where he has floated so many companies which all have the same habit of coming unstuck in the same way.

The artistes whom he left stranded at Lowestoft were told that they could carry on the circus on their own account and divide the profits. They did not know that the big tent and the special seating accommodation did not belong to Sylvester at all, but had merely been hired by him and were, therefore, of no value as security for the stranded artistes and general workmen. Sylvester left these people to get home the best way they could. Some of them were absolutely down and out, without a penny in the world, and would have starved had it not been for the kindness of the local police who allowed them, in the circumstances, to collect money on the sands.

That, unhappily, is all that the police can do. There seems no way of getting at this rascal, Sylvester, under the law. The bottom drops out of his company and he goes back to Piccadilly, lights a big cigar, and sets about forming another company. He finds that the quickest way to forget the sorrows of his stranded victims is to hunt around and find some more.

In every company he forms he gets together, through advertisements, two or three directors who put money into the project with which he has dazzled them. The money chiefly goes to pay Sylvester's salary.

One poor fellow, who was so impressed by the plausible manner of this showman, handed over all his money, running into well over a thousand pounds, to Sylvester. Of course it has gone and the man is left to ruin in his old age.

Under our chaotic laws if a man steals a cotton pocket handkerchief he may be sent to jail, but any unscrupulous company promoter can dupe the investing public with impunity. It helps one to understand what Mr. Bumble meant when he said the law is a "Hass!"

Communists and the Middle-classes

By J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD, M.P.

ENCLOSING this article Mr. Newbold wrote: "As you have permitted an anonymous writer to make virulent attacks on myself, I am sure that your sense of fairplay will cause you to give even the Communist M.P. an opportunity to reply."

MR. J. T. W. NEWBOLD, M.P.

IT is always a matter of doubt whether it is worth while taking serious account of a writer who does not, whilst attacking virulently other people, have the moral courage to disclose his own identity. However, when "A Gentleman with a Duster" singles out a person, not once but repeatedly, and, in the columns of what purports to be a journal "without fear or favour," slashes at him and what are supposed to be his traits and his opinions, that person has, perhaps, more than ordinarily good grounds for answering his critic.

The statement that the Communist is fiercely denouncing the "solid middle-classes of England" is, to put it mildly, just so much pure "bunk." The Communist does not, because, for one reason, he cannot denounce that which has no existence in fact. The middle-classes who, during the heyday of British Capitalism, whether in the days of Gladstonian Liberalism or of Chamberlain Unionism, were a tremendously important and stable element in British political life, have no longer any solidity about them. No one more than the Communist has realised and has repeatedly laid stress upon this phenomenon of present-day capitalism, the crushing out of the middle-classes.

The middle-class man no longer has, in the generality of cases, any prospect, if he goes into business for himself, whether as manufacturer or trader, of rendering himself, after a few years, independent of the bank or other creditor from whom he borrowed his initial capital. He has, as a shopkeeper, a continuous and losing battle to fight against the multiple establishments of the universal provider.

He does, as a small master, find it more and more necessary to become, in fact if not in name, an agent of a syndicate. If he is a broker or a merchant, he finds again that his independence becomes increasingly unreal. If he has saved money, some scheming shark of a company promoter comes along—as very many did between 1919 and 1921—and, using a city-editor as liar-in-chief, induces him to buy stocks and shares at "boom" prices which poor Mr. Middle-class man discovers, immediately after he has exchanged them for his savings, are losing their value until what he has bought for 25s. he cannot to-day sell for 5s.

IT is perfectly true, as no one has more often asserted than myself, that in almost all joint stock companies, the majority, the overwhelming majority, of shares are held in small lots of from £25 to £750 by small investors, belonging to the middle-classes. The control of these companies, whether we take as examples Odhams Press Ltd., or Baldwins Ltd., is vested in a few of the larger shareholders or, even, in bankers and other creditors who can manipulate the finances of the companies so as to make worthless the holdings of 75 per cent. of the proprietors.

The Communist, recognising this fact about the modern capitalist system, has not hesitated to point out how the small middle-class man has come to be used as an embankment of defence by the big capitalist who shrieks "Your savings are in danger." So they are. They have in innumerable cases been robbed from him by financiers by methods as shady in morals as they are legal under the laws these "gentlemen" have made for their own advantage.

TO-DAY, the middle-class man is in despair. He is in debt. He has no security of tenure in the house he rents or else he has incurred a heavy mortgage on the house he "owns." His job as a commercial traveller is jeopardised by the ruin of trade owing to the decreased purchasing power of the working-class who buy most of the things he is employed to sell. His son, educated to be a school-teacher or to some other profession, *i.e.*, a works' chemist or something of that sort, has no future before him.

The middle-class youths are desperate. They are no longer middle-class in anything but upbringing and prejudice. They have no hope within the existing system which, as Marx and all his disciples have foretold for seventy years, is now visibly collapsing by reason of its own inherent contradictions.

IT is too silly for words, almost too silly for "A Gentleman with a Duster," to suggest that this collapse of British industry and commerce is the handiwork of a handful of Communists. It is perhaps natural, knowing as he does, from his intimacy with the late inhabitant of Downing Street, Mr. Lloyd George, how desperate, how calamitous, how utterly insoluble are the conditions of British capitalism and how near is the collapse, hastened though not caused by that architect of "ruin irretrievable," that he should desire to persuade the "solid middle-class" that the Communists are their enemy.

Somewhere a scapegoat must be found. Perhaps he will persuade his readers to don "black shirts" and to cry "Down with the Communist traitors!" He may, but he will not by such slogans or by such apologies for constructive ideas as puff out the bluster of his eulogies of "England" prevent the utter and irretrievable ruin to which his beloved system of capitalism is rocking at break-neck speed. He may turn the first wrath of his dupes against the Communists. *Their* second and deliberate wrath will be for "A Gentleman with a Duster."

The possibility of premature burial is very real.

The Buried Alive Peril:—By a DOCTOR

THAT there should be public uneasiness in regard to the present state of the law respecting the issue of death certificates by doctors is not surprising to those conversant with the facts. When I was an overworked practitioner in the South East of London I had been attending one case for some time, and it seemed that death could not be delayed much longer. It seemed therefore only a mere formality when the brother of the man called on me and asked for my signature to the usual certificate. Being exceptionally busy at the time—it was in the middle of the 'flu epidemic over thirty years ago—and as the case seemed so clear, I did not hesitate about giving the certificate without examining the patient, whom I had as a matter of fact seen the previous day and had given up as hopeless.

THAT night I happened to be in the same street with an unexpected ten minutes to spare, so I thought I would just run in to make certain, though I had not the least doubt in my mind that everything was all right. The body was laid out ready for the undertaker's men and it certainly had all the outward appearance of death, so it was more by force of habit than anything else that I went through the usual formalities.

JUDGE of my horror when I detected signs that life still remained in the body, and greater still was my amazement when my suspicions were confirmed by response to the usual tests. The patient had in point of fact fallen into a state of unconsciousness easily mistaken for death, and it was in perfect good faith that the brother had come to me for the certificate.

The man concerned in this case is still living. I have no reason to suppose that my experience is uncommon, but in the last thirty years I have had personal experience of more than a hundred cases of persons "coming to life" after the issue of death certificates, and there is no doubt that the present lax system is a source of temptation to people who stand to profit by the death of some relative. Personally since the terrible experience I have described in my early days I have refused to sign a certificate without examining the body first, and on eighty-three occasions I have found that what seemed to the bedside watchers to be death was merely exhaustion after a hard struggle for life. Had I been foolish enough to take advantage of the prevailing laxity I should have issued certificates and consigned patients to a living tomb.

I do not want to criticise my own profession unduly, but I am afraid that there are men in it who begrudge the time necessary to satisfy themselves by examination that the patient is really dead.

MR. H. MAXWELL JOHNSON, the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial—with which are associated some titled and highly distinguished medical men—considers that "the present form of certification of death is not worth the paper it is written on." He is right. Although it is an unpleasant matter, to deal with it is urgent and it must be given publicity.

Here is what Dr. Thomas More Madden, F.R.C.S., has placed on record. I will use his own words, with which I thoroughly agree. "Death-trance, or that profound degree of lethargy which closely counterfeits death, deserves greater attention than is generally paid to it as a pathological condition, as well as a possible cause of premature interment. For, unless we reject every statement, however well authenticated, of those who have witnessed such cases, merely because their experience does not tally with our own preconceived opinions and wishes, neither the frequent occurrence of death-trance nor the fearful results of its non-recognition can be questioned."

THOSE of us who realise the awful urgency of this matter, an urgency brought about by evidence which cannot be disputed, are in some official circles regarded as "alarmists." That is the tendency which exists to-day, and it has to be removed before the Government can be made to realise the vital importance attached to the peril I have endeavoured to indicate

Sensational Increase in our Insurance Benefits.

The most practical and valuable Newspaper Insurance Gift ever offered. Benefits increased and new ones added.

THE JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift has long been recognised as the most generous, the most comprehensive and the most practical that is offered to the public to-day by any paper. Our policy has always been to put practical value to our registered readers first, and our benefits have always been framed so as to make provision against common accidents and disabilities that were likely to happen to anyone.

As we stated last week, we are now in a position to make an announcement to our readers of far-reaching importance which will place the JOHN BULL Gift altogether in a class by itself so far as value to the registered reader is concerned.

The scope of our Insurance Gift has been increased, and many of the benefits considerably enlarged. In addition several entirely new and important benefits have been added.

ONE of the most popular and practical of our benefits is that providing against loss by Fire to the registered reader's home.

This risk from fire—the most common and most dreaded of all—is one from which nobody is immune. We have increased the benefit payable under this head from £300 to £400.

This benefit alone, one of the many we offer, now represents a Gift of 8s. per annum to our readers, at the recognised rate quoted by all reputable Fire Offices.

We have also increased the benefit in the case of the death of husband and wife as the result of fire in the home from £600 to £1,000, thus making a still more generous provision for their dependents.

At the request of thousands of our readers we have also included a new Sports Benefit. This eminently practical step should have a very wide appeal. We realise that any game that is worth playing has a considerable element of risk attached to it, and we have accordingly provided benefits, both against accidents which are fatal and those which cause disablement, whether it be by football, hockey, lacrosse, cricket, lawn tennis or golf.

Again, the alarming number of bathing and boating fatalities recently reported in the papers has led us to include yet another new benefit to cover the risks attendant on this class of sport. It is a benefit that no reader can afford to ignore.

We have received so many complaints from readers with reference to the unreasonably high fees charged by certain doctors for medical certificates, sometimes as much as a guinea being demanded for a certificate in connection with minor accidents in the home, thus practically nullifying the benefit, which in any case is limited to £1 a week for four weeks only, that we are replacing this least practical of our gifts by the many increased and more practical benefits enumerated above.

THE practical value of our Insurance Gift is continually demonstrated in JOHN BULL by the long list of benefits paid which we publish each week. We have in our possession thousands of letters from readers who have received benefits under our Scheme, testifying to the wonderful value of our Insurance Gift. The following are typical :—

J. F. SOMNER, of 7 Ward, M. of P. Hospital, Knotty Ash, Liverpool, writes: "I must thank you for the great consideration you have shown, especially as your manner of dealing with claims is in such marked contrast to most newspaper insurance methods."

Mr. E. H. PEARCE, of Barton St. David, near Taunton, Somerset, acknowledging a cheque, says: "I am so grateful and thankful for your kindness in coming to my rescue when I was helpless, and I thank God above for your kindness in assisting me."

We have no hesitation whatever in asserting that in its new form the JOHN BULL Scheme is the best, the most practical, and the most advantageous of any Newspaper Insurance Scheme in the country.

FRAMED and re-modelled on the basis of practical experience gained by administering a Scheme based on the only sound principle—that of the newspaper handling its own cases and refusing to admit the intervention of an Insurance Company—it has emerged triumphant from the only test that counts. It has satisfied the readers of this paper that they are getting a wonderful return for the small trouble entailed in filling up the necessary registration forms, that their applications are considered sympathetically and without the quibbling and red-tape that are an essential part of so many other Schemes, and that they always receive courteous treatment and prompt payment.

It is our proud boast that our registered readers have nothing but praise to offer for the magnificent way in which our Insurance Gift is administered.

Our new and revised offer will broaden the basis and establish our scheme upon a surer foundation than ever.

This improved Insurance Gift, which comes into force from September 10th, cancels and supersedes the existing one. Those of our readers who are already registered are automatically qualified for the new schedule of benefits which appears on page 2. They should not re-register, therefore, unless they have changed their address or their newsagent since registration.

Readers who desire it, however, may obtain confirmation of their registration upon application.

For their own guidance readers already registered are advised to cut out the new list of benefits which appears on page 2 and pin it to their Registration Certificate, where it will be convenient for immediate reference.

TO those of our readers who have not yet registered, and who are therefore not yet eligible for the benefits offered under our new Scheme, we would say this: Consider the value of our Gift in exchange for only 2d. per week—for which in any case you get a paper that is the finest value for the money in the world—and over and above this a gift to the value of at least 25s. per annum. Compare our Insurance Gift with any other Free Newspaper Insurance Scheme you like, and see if you can find one that offers a more thorough and more practical protection against the accidents and ailments that are likely to happen to anyone. Consider that, in any case, no other Newspaper Insurance can be obtained for less than sixpence per week.

MANY of the newspapers feature fanciful benefits which are really not benefits at all. For instance, a huge sum is offered for the death of a travelling paying passenger in a railway train. Since the daily papers have made this offer, we have yet to learn how many, if any, claims have been made or paid under this heading. We have avoided such fanciful offers and have concentrated only on practical every-day benefits for the protection of our readers.

Consider, finally, that all you have to do in order to qualify for the magnificent benefits offered under our new and improved Scheme is to fill in the registration forms on page 2 and post them to us. A couple of minutes' work at most—and then you can safely leave everything else to us.

Our wonderful Free Insurance Gift has given satisfaction to thousands. There is no reason why it should not do so for you.

When you have finished reading this page, if you are not already a registered reader, sign and post the registration forms on page 2 without delay.

An ounce of foresight is worth a ton of regret.

Why Mason was Reprieved

AT the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court, Alexander Mason, a youth of twenty-one, was convicted of wilful murder and sentenced to death by hanging. In due course the case was reviewed by the Court of Criminal Appeal, which found no reason to question the direction of the Judge at the Old Bailey or to disturb the decision of the jury.

But Mason is not to die. The Home Secretary, Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, has advised the King to exercise his august prerogative of mercy, and the gallows has been robbed of its prey. The law, it seems, has been cheated. The Home Secretary declines to make any statement which would satisfy public curiosity as to the reason for his decision. Enough that Alexander Mason, a convicted murderer, doomed to death by the time-honoured law of England, is to live and not to die.

But the conscience of the nation is not satisfied. It demands to know the reasons which induced the Home Secretary to throw over the verdict of the jury, to flout the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal, and to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility of keeping this assassin alive when the law says he should die.

The reprieve of Mason is the more remarkable in that of late years the Home Office has not been too prone to mercy. Strictly speaking, it was not mercy that was extended to Ronald True but rather the protection afforded by the law to convicted murderers found insane at the date fixed for execution. There was no mercy for Mrs. Thompson though hers was not the hand that murdered her husband.

In spite of the jury's express recommendation there was no mercy for the poor boy Jacoby. Why, then, should there have been mercy for Alexander Mason, a cold-blooded murderer if ever there was one, unless the jury were deceived ?

The answer is plain. There was no mercy for Mason ; in the nature of the case there could be none. It was not compassion that moved the Home Secretary to reprieve this man ; not mercy, but something else. Between the decision of the Criminal Appeal Court and the date of the reprieve new facts, fresh evidence came to light which made it morally, though not legally, impossible to send Mason to the scaffold.

The trouble is that Alexander Mason is alive to-day because the highest legal authorities whom Mr. Bridgeman has consulted are not certain that he murdered Jacob Dickey.

It is Mr. Bridgeman's duty to make the true facts public. If Mason is a guilty man he ought to be dead ; if he is an innocent man he ought to be free. It was never intended that the Home Secretary should be a final and ultimate Court of Criminal Appeal, sitting in secret and giving no reasons for its decisions in matters of life and death.

It is the prerogative of the King, on the advice of the Home Secretary, to dispense mercy ; the sterner awards of justice are for the King's Courts. It is the province of His Majesty's Judges and not of any Minister of the Crown to pronounce upon the value of evidence, and to decide the responsibility for crime.

The present state of affairs under which the political head of a Government Department sits as a sort of super-judge, tearing up Old Bailey verdicts and the decrees of the Criminal Appeal Court without publicly stating his reasons is unworthy of our traditions of daylight justice.

Mercy is one thing, justice another. There can have been no mercy for Alexander Mason. What branch of justice is it which over the heads of the Court of Criminal Appeal is dispensed by Mr. W. C. Bridgeman ? The nation demands to know.

WASHING POINCARE'S HAIR

£400 a Year and a Goat-gland

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THERE is wonderful news from America—concerning ladies and babies. While you and I and the rest of us are immersed in urgent inter-allied affairs, U.S.A. gets on with her own particular job of mass-producing publicity.

And first as to the "first lady" in that glittering land, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge (the wife of the new President), to wit.

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, it seems, "does not wave her hair." I take it that she don't mind waving the star-spangled banner for a spell, but not her hair. Neither does she brighten up her countenance with "face clay, rouge, lip-stick, eyebrow pencil, or even powder."

On the other hand, an American correspondent of a London newspaper informs us that Mrs. Coolidge "believes in shampoos." He avers that "it (meaning, doubtless, the shampoos) was the first thing she did when she became Mistress of the White House." And he adds:

While the new President pondered affairs of State his wife prepared for her own duties in a woman's way. She washed her hair.

WE have here obviously the germs of a great thought, and I hope that all English ladies of political position will make a note of it. While the old man is so busy pondering affairs of State (the late war, the next war, the industrial war, and so forth) that he has scarcely time to wash his face, the thing for a political lady to do is to retire gracefully to the boudwah and wash her hair.

If she happens to be the wife of a Labour Member of the "red" or advanced type and can brush the bees out of her husband's bonnet at the same time, so much the better.

I have no desire to litter up any lady's toilet table with politics; but in view of what appears to be happening round us, I can't help asking one trifling question:

Did the ladies of the members of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet wash their hair on the morning of their respective spouses' appointment to office?

If they did, Mrs. Coolidge might seem to be wasting her time on shampoos. If they didn't—no wonder Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon coming in together find themselves utterly unable to wash M. Poincaré's hair. It is the defect of post-war Governments that there is always a good deal more hair-pulling than hair-washing in high diplomatic circles.

AND now as to the babies. I gather from another correspondent of the same London newspaper that in America and Japan there are now a matter of sixty sturdy infants who owe their existence to a rejuvenating operation in which goat-gland is employed.

They are known as "goat-gland babies," and we are assured that all of them are "alive and in perfect health and that though some of them have attained the age of six years," none has so far developed hoofs or horns."

As a fact, they are the finest and fittest babies in either America or Japan, the reason being that goat-gland "possesses the largest known amount of radio-activity in its cells, the atoms disclosing an astounding collection of electrons which cast off strong rays of radium emanation or what corresponds to radiumised energy."

WELL, perhaps, "radiumised energy" is exactly what we are needing at the present moment in this country, and I for one shouldn't consider it a bad speculation, if in addition to their £400 a year, the authorities were to hand some of our legislators a nice inexpensive packet of goat-gland once a quarter!

We shall have to get energy of some sort into British affairs, domestic and foreign—and that very shortly.

Nothing doing at home but lashings of argument abroad may be the wisest policy the inept are capable of putting up, but everything goes to show that it tends to change "Great" in front of Britain into "Small."

Let us go out for "radiumised energy"—even if we have to borrow it from Barney's goat.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

WE MUST PUT GERMANY ON HER FEET
THAT'S THE LIMIT

Their debts to us the Germans shirk
By swindling and deceit,
And yet we're told that we must work
To put them on their feet.

WE REALLY HOPE SOMEBODY WILL DO SOMETHING
UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS
OUR RULERS

Instead of deeds our "supermen"
Give us a lot of gabble,
We want things done and work begun
And not this brainless babble.

Sorry but—
COME & HELP US, SAM (SIGNED) EUROPE
U.S.A.
TONS OF MONEY

Tho' Europe's plight distresses quite
Our dear good friends the Yanks,
Yet when we say, "Then help us, pray,"
They then "decline with thanks."

No matter what the farmer's lot
He's always cause to grumble,
For when his fields give bumper yields
Then down the prices tumble.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

SOMEONE (was it Disraeli?), upon being asked whether it was difficult to find a Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied: "Oh, dear no! There are so few people in England who know anything whatever about finance!"

This may explain why that delightful person, Joynson-Hicks, has been so frequently mentioned as a possible candidate for the Chancellorship. Jix, as he is affectionately known in the House, would be the very last person on earth to claim a knowledge of finance other than that which he has picked up during his short term of office as Financial Secretary to the Treasury—an office which he has filled with distinction—and there is no doubt that he will be just as successful in looking after the health of the nation. His air of puzzled intelligence, his frank way of expounding the inexplicable, his amiable downrightness, all help to confound a too-clever Opposition.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P.

BORN nearly 60 years ago, William Hicks (whose marriage necessitated the hyphen) early showed that lack of aptitude for anything in particular which marked him out as one of our future statesmen. This isn't intended in any sense of personal disparagement. It simply happens that the administration of a modern democratic state calls for the virtues that are known as manly—*e.g.*, the tear in the eye at some stirring song of sentiment, the patriotism that never fails to lift its hat to the colours—rather than those intellectual attainments which, most unfortunately, appear to be the exclusive possession of another class which is seldom called to govern.

Jix is popular. There can be no question of that. His very nickname proves it. No one, for example, has ever thought of christening Mr. Ramsay MacDonald "Smack," or Mr. Newbold "Newy." Even Mr. Churchill was called "Winnie" more in contempt than in affection. But you can't call a man "Jix" unless you are fond of him.

A SHREWD judge of character in the House, when asked if he thought Jix would rise to the occasion as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, said: "It isn't at all a question of *Jix* rising—the House will rise at him!" He then added as an afterthought: "Besides, if he does make a few mistakes, who the devil is there to spot them?"

To say that Jix is conscientious is superfluous. No one with his education and characteristics could be anything else. He will always do the things he can't understand with the very best intentions in the world. Should his efforts chance to miscarry, he will stand up to the consequences like a gentleman. In fact, he's a rattling good sort, with the heart of a cherub, the soul of a songster, and the brain of a front-bencher!

SOME of his friends wonder how he manages to get through his speeches. He never seems to know what he is going to say, and never seems to remember what he has already said. But he's such a pleasant fellow that, unless the country suddenly insists upon a definite proportion of brains in its legislature, he will always be fairly safe for a good job!

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—You have refused a request that a Home Office circular should be issued to magistrates to ginger them up in dealing with cases of cruelty to animals. You consider that such a course would not be advisable. I should like to know how you have arrived at this amazing conclusion. Cases are reported every day in which most scandalous leniency has been shown, and the R.S.P.C.A. will tell you that cruelty, as a direct and natural consequence of this senile softness, is on the increase. Why then do you not instruct your officials to remind magistrates that they have the power of imprisonment and that they should use it? Is it just indifference to the sufferings of animals or is it the characteristic obstinacy of the bureaucratic mind?—JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
Prime Minister.

SIR,—The Civil Pension List is congested with relatives of Admirals and Generals, a class amongst whom destitution is rare. Alfred Smith, an X-Ray worker at Coventry Hospital, who passed through his hands a quarter of a million patients, is lying helpless from the dread disease X-Ray dermatitis. Is the workhouse to be his only refuge? Are not his services to and sacrifices for humanity worth as much as the qualification of poor relation to a General? JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
Brighton Board of Guardians.

SIR,—Apparently you and your colleagues think that in following the example of the Ministry of Pensions and badgering the widows of ex-Service men with unseemly questions, you are performing a public duty. One woman who came before your Relief Committee was so tormented by their inquisition that she broke down and cried, which prompted one of the gallant Committeemen to call out "Swank!" Your attention has been called to this abominable treatment, and you offered no comment. I will offer it for you, in three words—barbarous and brutal! JOHN BULL.

To Brig.-General Sir W. HORWOOD, K.C.B., D.S.O.
Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.

SIR,—The power of the police to make an arrest without a warrant is purposely limited by law and should be very sparingly used. The case of James Dunphy, an ex-Army Chaplain, charged with obtaining money by false pretences, was emphatically one in which an ordinary procedure should have been followed. Instead of that he was collared and dragged off to the cells without any authority higher than that of a detective. The magistrate promptly released him on bail, which shows how entirely unnecessary this high-handed procedure was. Your bright young men must be kept in check.— JOHN BULL.

BROTHER HOGS

An Ellis Island we ought to have

To the Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN BAIRD, Bart., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., Minister of Transport.

SIR,—The present traffic chaos has made London the laughing-stock of the world, and there is urgent need for a strong authority to enforce co-operation between the various bodies which at present enjoy the right of digging up the roads at their own sweet will. It is your job to create this Authority, but from what I hear of the Bill which you are drafting to present to Parliament in November you are going quite the wrong way about it. What is wanted is a small compact body of three or four common-sense men, armed with full executive power and able, when the situation demands it, to take immediate action in defiance of vested interests. Under this inefficient scheme of yours the Traffic combines will get the upper hand and the tail will wag the dog. JOHN BULL.

To W. CLARKE HALL, Esq., Magistrate,
Old Street, E.C.

SIR,—A young girl who had been married only three weeks came to you for a summons against her husband for persistent cruelty, and it turned out that she had married the brute because he was the father of her child. In calling her a fool for her pains you were perfectly right, and I hope your words will reach other poor girls in a similar plight. Some interfering crank had no doubt got hold of her and persuaded her it would "make an honest woman of her." The fact that it would make her an ill-used slave didn't matter. Even the much-discussed legitimacy measure could not save a girl from all the consequences of her folly. It is pathetic to see poor girls wrecking their lives out of deference to false sentiment. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. VINEHALL,
Congress of Football Referees, Southborough, Kent.

SIR,—It would be a dull world if somebody somewhere could not find something wrong, some glaring fault that, in the interests of the whole world, must be set right. You have been shocked to see that some of our young barbarians at their play wear football knickers that do not descend to the knee. The shameless rascals! Can they not realise how much more modest and decorous the game if they played it in petticoats? Then it might command the whole hearted approval of all our old women of either sex. Say naughty naughty to them. Perhaps that will bring them to their senses. JOHN BULL.

To H. ADAMS, Esq., President,
National Association of Meat Traders' Associations.

SIR,—It's all very well for you to protest that meat prices to-day are reasonable. How can they be, when in Smithfield Market, which handles 94 per cent. of the London and Home Counties' consumption, stalls have changed hands for payments of £12,000 to £20,000? The commission charged by Smithfield dealers is double what it was before the war, and in the sober language of Lord Linlithgow's Committee, is "greater than is now justified." To put it more bluntly, inflated fortunes are still being made from profiteering in the people's food, and the tragedy of it is that the Government does nothing to restrict this evil. JOHN BULL.

To the PRESIDENT,
Newfoundland Conference of the Methodist Church.

SIR,—I am sorry to see a go-ahead colony fashioning its spiritual affairs on the bad old models of the puritanical past. In an advertisement for six young men to enter your Ministry you restrict applicants to non-smokers. You really want for this work, not humbugging killjoys with fanatical obsessions, but real men with red blood, who can mix with their fellows and share their joys and sorrows. The results your great church aims at will never be achieved by imitation plaster saints. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour.

WHAT IS LORD ROTHERMERE'S GAME?

The Meat Ramp

IT is hardly too much to say that the public has been horrified by the disclosures of Lord Linlithgow's Committee in regard to the sale of meat. Profiteering is much too gentle a term to describe what has been going on in the meat trade; in many directions it can only be characterised as downright fraud.

The feeling of customers who learn that the "prime-fed British" joint, for which they have been made to pay through the nose, may as likely as not have been the chilled product of the Argentine, is one of impotent anger.

Cannot the simple and effective provision of the Food and Drugs Act be applied to these meat swindlers? If not Parliament should act swiftly and make such misdescription a crime.

The "normal" profits of the meat trade, as disclosed by the Committee are of staggering dimensions. The average retailer, it seems, turns up his nose at less than 100 per cent. and the law has no means of checking flagrant usury.

It will be generally agreed, however, that unless the meat traders can set their shops in order, and cultivate some sort of conscience, a measure of control will have to be re-established.

With a vengeance the meat traders are "asking for it." If they get it, "hot and strong," no one will shed a tear.

Vaccination Dispute

IT is evident from the articles we have recently published there is a strong body of scientific opinion opposed to vaccination as a preventative of smallpox; while the reception these articles have met with at the hands of our readers indicates that the lay mind is not satisfied that vaccination is a moral duty.

The horror of smallpox is no less than it was; but an increasing number of people, and these among the most intelligent in the community, entertain reasonable doubts upon the validity of vaccination.

In these circumstances the Government has a plain duty. It should set up a Royal Commission of medical and scientific experts, persons of the highest standing and attainments, to inquire into and report on the whole question of vaccination. Most people would accept the findings of such a body, in any case we should know where we stand.

It is not enough in these days of enlightenment to tell us what Dr. Jenner thought a hundred years ago. The best scientific opinion of the day should be made available for every parent in the land.

LORD ROTHERMERE in the "Daily Mail" and associated organs, continues his ill-advised attempt to dictate the policy of this country. Against this grave national danger we vehemently protest.

ELSEWHERE we publish, from the able pen of "A Gentleman with a Duster," another analysis of Lord Rothermere, the millionaire proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and its associated newspapers.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, one of the foremost publicists of the day, has in these columns dealt faithfully with this sinister figure, who bellows forth his mandates to an almost deafened Europe, and arrogantly purports to speak with the voice of Great Britain.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

With shrewd and trenchant blows Mr. Gardiner has struck valiantly at the new occupant of the Northcliffe throne, who insolently and persistently proclaims it to be the duty of the British people to take their "Hats off to Poincaré."

"A Gentleman with a Duster," less concerned perhaps for Lord Rothermere's personality but not less perturbed by his policy, envisages the danger equally clearly (on another page), and proposes to divert the new Northcliffe by appeals to his reason, to his good will, and to his sense of historical, moral, and political perspective.

WE do not know whether either of these methods will be successful. We do know that in the meantime it is a duty incumbent upon the influential organs of the British Press to make it clear, to France as well as to the rest of the world, that Lord Rothermere does not speak, on the question of Reparations and the Ruhr, for the great body of sane, sober and solid British public opinion.

The policy of this country is neither to encourage Bolshevism in Germany, thus providing Germany with an excuse for non-payment of reparations, nor to foster imperialism and militarism in France.

We are all agreed that Germany ought to pay for the devastation and destruction she caused in the war, all resolved that she shall pay—to the utmost limit of her capacity.

We are not satisfied that the best way, or the only way, to reach the desired goal is by putting British prestige in pawn to M. Poincaré, or by obsequious persistence in the barren Rothermere fatuity of "Hats Off to France," which entirely misleads French opinion as to our attitude and aspirations.

We want to get out of the diplomatic deadlock, to save the Entente, and return to agreed and mutual pressure, which will compel Germany to pay, and preserve for her the means and opportunity of paying.

GERMANY has herself to blame for her present chaotic condition. She will have ultimately to pay for her fraudulent obduracy and bankrupt statesmanship. If Germany is pushed into Bolshevism, she will escape all her creditors. It is not our interest, or the world's, to allow her to commit suicide to save herself from the penal servitude of moral and financial obligations.

There is no doubt a real danger of Bolshevism. Yet we must not forget that Germany is still potentially vastly rich. She will be able to pay substantial sums in reparation if she can restore her finances as Austria is doing.

Surely the facts of the situation are as much entitled to calm consideration as the deductive logic of M. Poincaré, supported by the strident applause of Lord Rothermere.

These facts make it the clear duty of British policy, which must have regard to British interests first and foremost, to strive for the most solid pledges procurable from a solvent debtor rather than to indulge in chasing the rainbow.

Millionaire Wanted

"PEACE hath its victories no less renowned than war." And one of its victors undoubtedly is Dr. Spahlinger, the famous Swiss man of science whose brilliant discoveries hold out the hope that consumption, the great white scourge of mankind, may be subjugated within the lifetime of the present generation.

To-day this gallant soldier of humanity is a poor man. The financiers have cumbered him with offers of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice if only he will allow them to exploit his discovery, and turn it into a dividend-earning affair. He has steadily refused. His object is to go on developing his serum, until he has enough supplies to distribute amongst the hospitals of the world, for the benefit of the poor. To that great conception he has devoted his life, and sacrificed his private fortune.

Is there no millionaire, amongst the favoured few of great possessions, with sufficient imagination to realise what a great opportunity is here within his grasp? There are no rules for compelling plutocrats to spend their money wisely. But if *noblesse oblige* were true of the old feudal princes, is it not equally true of the great merchant princes of to-day? Is there none of them to seek out Spahlinger, and help him to relieve the long agony of the consumptive victim's ordeal?

The Right Spirit

WE are obliged to Senator Lafollette, of the United States, for the compliment he pays us when he says that to-day we are the most confidently cheerful people in Europe. Frankly, we believe it to be true; nor is it always a discouragement to see ourselves as others see us.

After all, though we have our share of the world's troubles, we are still the same people who plugged doggedly through the Great War, whose young soldiers marched away to the tune of "Tipperary," and whose old guard fought in the spirit of "Old Bill."

If the shadows sometimes seem to lengthen we need never fear that the sun will not chase them away. The nation which has just welcomed back its long-enduring sailor heroes of the *Trevessa* may be confident that its sons are still worthy of the glorious past. "We did not think we were doing anything exceptional," said the modest captain. "Shipwrecks never do you any harm if you survive them," said an old shell-back of the crew. Surely the tradition of Nelson and Drake is with us still.

Hats Off to Britain!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

WHAT is the reason for the obstinate attitude adopted by the Rothermere press with regard to the Ruhr situation? "A Gentleman with a Duster" expresses here his opinion on the unrestrained and unjustified support of M. Poincare's policy. It constitutes a sober-minded and unemotional condemnation of Lord Rothermere's folly.

Viscount Rothermere to whom our contributor addresses some leading questions.

LORD ROTHERMERE is nothing like so dangerous a man as his deceased brother, Lord Northcliffe. I do not think that he will ever be found doing monstrous or absurd things. *But he may easily make mistakes which will cost this country dear.*

Under Lord Northcliffe the Harmsworth Press commanded the British public to roll France in mud and blood, to strip her of all her colonial possessions, and to give those colonial possessions to the good and peaceful German. The exact words of this wicked and grotesque command are as follows:

> "FRANCE MUST BE ROLLED IN MUD AND BLOOD. HER COLONIES SHALL BE TAKEN FROM HER AND GIVEN TO THE GERMANS."

Lord Rothermere would never let himself go in this fashion. To begin with, he is a far abler man than his brother, has his feelings more under control, and is infinitely less susceptible to violent emotions. He is a quiet, rather gentle, and certainly a modest man. He keeps much to himself, and finds his chief pleasure in developing his considerable commercial undertakings. Such a man may sometimes be wrong, but he will always be wrong in good faith.

IN bidding his readers raise their hats to France, Lord Rothermere is asking them to do only what they want to do, and, further, he is following a policy which commends itself to many level-headed observers. Therefore to shout that he is wrong, to abuse him as a perfect fool, and to roll him in the journalist's equivalent for mud and blood, is neither useful nor reasonable. He is on ground firm enough to deserve national argument. I differ from him, but I recognise him as an honourable and able man, and therefore I would dispute courteously with him and advance arguments which I feel should justify my position in his eyes.

To begin with, I lay the whole blame for European chaos on Germany. She has not yet convinced the world of a change of mind. She has rent her garments, but not her heart. She is sullen, not sorrowful. She is sulking, not humble. If she had cried out to the world when she became a Republic: "All these evils have befallen me because I was led away and deceived by my all-powerful masters; let us now make a new beginning in the history of the human race: let us disarm, let us make war impossible, let us henceforth vie with each other only in spreading the blessings of education and the comforts of wealth, so that democracy throughout the whole world may become happy, healthy, and good"—if she had said that, President Wilson would never have fallen, Clemenceau would never have twisted Lloyd George round his fingers, and Lord Rothermere would have been able to say: "Hats off to Germany!"

But though Germany has adopted a wrong attitude and manifested a foolish spirit, we are unwise, I think, to treat her as a devil. It would be saner, I feel, to treat her as a mental invalid. It will take her, at the very least, a generation to recover from the tremendous earthquake of the Great War. I regard her, then, as an invalid who should be nursed back to sanity. Any "suggestions" encouraging in her a bitter and warlike mood should be strictly forbidden. In all their dealings with her, the Allies, who have disarmed her and hold her at their absolute mercy, should discourage everything likely to breed revenge, everything calculated to act as a bitter, cruel, and needless humiliation, everything that is *destructive.*

THIS appears to be the view of Mr. Baldwin and the great majority of thinking Englishmen, who neither fear nor love Germany, but have faith in human nature. The occupation of the Ruhr seems to them psychologically dangerous, as well as economically unsound. Black troops, with their dreadful brothels, in the midst of the best-educated and self-respecting peasantry on the Continent, seem to them a powerful incentive to undying hate and the most violent revenge. They hold that if Republican Germany is to pay her debts and to become a peaceful neighbour, she must be given a chance to work out her repentance. There are good elements in Germany as well as bad. And few Germans are fools.

Lord Rothermere, I think, is too easily impressed by the logic of M. Poincaré. Life is greater than logic. I would invite him to consider a phrase in a letter written by Lord Acton, perhaps the greatest scholar of the last century. Lord Acton wrote of France rushing to ruin "down the entire cataract of deductive logic." If patriotism is not enough, truly deductive logic is insufficient for salvation. We must think of men with their suffering and erring human hearts, and of the moral law, and of the eternal aspirations of religion. M. Poincaré's logic may be faultless, but is his humanity or his wisdom that of any great man who has rendered memorable service to the human race?

Finally, I would ask Lord Rothermere to consider whether Mr. Baldwin, in setting himself against obvious mob passion and obvious attorney logic, in setting himself against these powerful influences, and standing on moral ground, striving with dignity and patience to make the higher moral law the law of a Europe ruined by militaristic logic and the law of the jungle, is not worthy of our admiration and respect? Is he not a rather splendid figure?

I am sure Lord Rothermere cannot mean that Great Britain should be the led-bear of France, and that whatever France says must be done, Great Britain must obsequiously do. I am sure he cannot mean this: I am sure he would admit that Great Britain may have a mind of her own; but does he know the mind of Great Britain at its best and highest? I am not so sure.

I feel that Lord Rothermere is inclined to under-rate the intelligence and the moral character of Great Britain, and that he has never seen this noble country with eyes so penetrating and sure-judging as the eyes of Henry James and Walter Page, two shrewd-judging Americans, who saw that Britain still leads the world, and is immeasurably and most beautifully great in all those qualities which make a people eternally glorious in the eyes of history.

LET him ask himself this question: Is peace conceivable between man and man, or nation and nation, without good will? The conflict of 1914-1918 was "Christ or Nietzsche?" The conflict of 1918-1923 is "Good will or Deductive Logic?" The one is a narrow and difficult road; but the other, a cataract.

A plea for freedom from restrictions and for the reform of our public-houses.

Clean up the

IF the brewers and publicans of England have any collective wisdom in them, they will band themselves together while there is yet time to civilise the slum Gin Palace. For, of a surety, if they don't mend it, the Pussyfoot step of Prohibition will jump on it and end it. As it stands, the "Public House" of working-class districts, which, according to its name, should be the bright centre of communal social life and delight, is the foulest blot on the fair face of this most beautiful of all countries.

I have enjoyed the privilege of introducing many foreign friends to the beauties and marvels of London. Invariably they have been impressed by its greatness, its splendour, its admirable order. But almost invariably, when they have seen the ragged children waiting for father or mother outside the doors of reeking taverns, they have expressed amazement that a nation so transcendent in practical management, could devise no healthier way of satisfying the people.

My wanderings in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and in all the big towns of this country have taken me through many slummy quarters where the Gin Palace flourishes. In one street a battle royal was raging between two factions of wash-tub Amazons, who, inflamed with the potent "fivepenny" and other vintages of the district, raged and fought like wild cats, what time the region taverns belched out a ring of more or less indifferent spectators. One stalwart lady Dempsey of massive proportions actually combated with a baby tucked under her left arm.

Half a mile further, outside another public-house, another massive matron was fighting with a soldier of about nineteen! Both combatants were obviously under the "influence," and the lad, being the worse affected, succumbed to scientific clip under the ear which laid him out.

Again there was a crowd of neighbours who watched the fight with sodden apathy, and one, in answer to my question, informed me that the

"Give us Work!"

by A. G. GARDINER

IF the moral of the people is to be saved from irreparable damage, work must be found for the millions who are now existing on the dole. The employment of our superfluous labour is not a problem to which there is no solution. Ways and means are at hand if resolute steps are taken to make use of them.

Sir Montague Barlow, Minister of Labour whose attention is called to these facts.

THE days are drawing in, the swallows are preparing to follow the sun to the South, the footballers are reappearing and everything reminds us that winter looms ahead. It is the sixth winter since the war. All the prophets tell us that it is going to be a black winter, that unemployment will be more severe than ever and the burden of relief more oppressive.

I am writing from a small seaport town where the situation is visible at a glance. The trade of the little town has wilted-away and in the market-place every morning you can see the workless standing about in groups, with nothing to do and nowhere to go, as they have stood for months, now almost for years past. All round the coast, at the great ports like Sunderland and Newcastle, the same forlorn spectacle is visible. The great cotton trade industry of Lancashire is stagnant, the iron and steel industry is stagnant, all the staple trades from which the country draws its life-blood are depressed and pulseless. A million families are eking out existence on doles of one sort or another which, since they produce no return, are further impoverishing the national resources.

APART from the economic effect of all this, the moral effect is disastrous. Men do not stand idle in the street for months and years without undergoing grave depreciation. They lose hope and they lose energy. They lose self-respect. They lose respect for their country which has no use for them. They recall the good times they had when the country was in peril and needed them for war and slaughter, or the industries connected therewith. Then nothing was too good for them and no expenditure too extravagant.

We cannot complain if they contrast that experience with the dismal present when they find themselves left like derelicts of the great war they helped to win. Not the least unhappy effect of the catastrophe to trade is that hundreds of thousands of young fellows who came out of the Army have never learned the discipline of industry. They went into the war without having learned a trade, and since the war they have been left without the chance of cultivating the regular habits of work which are as necessary for their moral health as for their everyday existence.

WHAT is to be done to get out of this Slough of Despond? There is, of course, only one radical remedy. Until the world gets right, trade cannot recover, and as we depend upon world trade more than any other nation, our interest in the restoration of peace is supreme. That, as I have attempted to show in previous articles, is why the controversy over the Ruhr is of such vital importance to us. It is not concern for Germany that compels the British Government to break with Poincaré—it is because Poincaré's policy, in defeating the resettlement of Europe, prevents the recovery of British trade and dooms this country to the continuance of the present blight upon all its activities.

There are some gloomy prophets who think that nothing that can happen can now stop the rot. They think that the commercial supremacy of this country has finally passed, that we can never again hope to maintain a population of 45,000,000. and that the only thing that can be done with our surplus twenty millions is to send them to populate the desert places of the earth.

I DO not accept that counsel of despair. It is as impracticable as it is panic-stricken. Our population is industrial, born in towns and working in factories: the desert places of the earth want agricultural labourers, born in the country and accustomed to the work of the fields.

No, let us make up our minds to face facts, and the first fact of all is that emigration on any effective scale is no remedy. The people must either live here or starve here. And I believe they can live here. The world is hungry for the goods we can make, but which in present conditions it cannot buy. Let us get the machine of world trade running again smoothly and I believe that British energy, experience and initiative will restore all that we have lost and more. So I repeat, the key to our unemployment problem is in the Ruhr.

But there is another aspect of it with which we are concerned at this time. We have to keep our people in health and in work until the tide of trade turns and our ship floats again. We cannot live permanently by taking in each other's washing, but temporarily that expedient must be made to serve. I say "in work" because I believe the dole system is the most corrupting device ever invented for destroying the moral of a people. Teach men to look to the State for maintenance without labour and social disruption is the inevitable consequence.

WE drifted into this fatal morass four years ago because the Government had neglected to prepare for the enormous backwash of the war and the flood of returning labour. No Government since has faced the problem courageously. They have gone on trusting that the tide of trade would turn and that they would get off the rocks without effort.

Such inertness in such a desperate emergency is a crime. It has not even the merit of saving money, for the people must be kept alive by doles out of the rates and taxes, even if they are unemployed. The failure is not because the means of employing the people are not available. Much has been said of late about the 130 millions which the railway companies are said to hold in reserve, and it is certain that other great corporations have similar nest-eggs. Is there any reason why resources like these should not be applied to financing undertakings of public utility which are urgent though not immediately reproductive?

THERE are a thousand directions in which the money could be usefully spent. We have not touched the fringe of the vast road-making problem. Every day the papers teem with discussions of the motor-traffic dangers. What is the real key to these dangers? It is that a revolution in transport has come upon roads wholly unfitted to receive it. There is not a parish in the country where for the public safety new roads ought not to be made or old roads widened.

For generations we have been talking and holding Commissions about the neglect of afforestation. By the expenditure of a few millions we could create enormous wealth for the future and provide honest labour in the present emergency These are only examples of the tasks that should be taken up by the Government working through the local authorities. The spectre of a black winter is before us. The cry of the workless to the Government is "Give us work."

Gin Palace!

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

("*Dangle*")

victrix was a hard-working woman—of Hibernian ancestry—who, by her exertions, kept a shirker of a husband, and a numerous family of equally worthless children.

On rare occasions she sought surcease of sorrow in alcoholic excess, at which times she invariably proceeded to set her house in order by "setting about" the Old Man. Having started on this course of domestic economy upon that particular evening, her eldest son, home on furlough, had made objection, *vi et armis*, to the chastisement of the Head of the Family, and when I appeared upon the scene it was actually her own son with whom she was fighting!

I spoke to a policeman who sauntered up when it was all over, and remarked that it was not a sight to inspire patriotic pride. He answered with the philosophic stolidity which distinguishes our British constabulary: "Oh, that's nothing," he said; "we don't get busy until ten o'clock."

Then I thought of revelries that I had seen on the day of the National Fete at St. Cloud, St. Germain, and Vincennes; and the contrast was not flattering to the "most brilliant star upon the crest of Time." In France—and for that matter, in every Continental country that I know—the evident purpose of the lawmakers and the victuallers is, not to exclude children from the places where their parents seek convivial respite from the dull drudgery of the daily grind, but rather to offer seductive attraction to the whole family.

At Suresnes, in the suburbs of Berlin, on Vienna's Prater, in Budapest's open-air restaurants on the banks of the Danube, in the gorgeous beer-halls of Munich, the public-house is essentially a family institution. The family eat there, they listen to fine bands, they dance—oh how they dance!

Well, Messieurs the Brewers and the Publicans of England, there is the alternative. The sheer bestiality of the slum Gin Palace, or the Public House of Delight. Pussyfoot hangs on your wisdom.

Jockeys Paid to Cheat

THE great sport of racing badly needs cleaning up. Certain owners, jockeys and trainers work hand in glove to deceive the public and the stewards of race meetings. By a system of ingenious instructions unscrupulous owners are able to compel jockeys to assist them, and if they refuse they are heavily penalised.

By A LEADING JOCKEY

THERE is a great deal too much in-and-out running combined with the deliberate "pulling" of horses in order to hoodwink the handicapper so that "clever" owners and trainers may poach big prizes or get a better market for their gambles. This is common knowledge to all racegoers, but the popular kinema-begotten notion of the jockey with a strength that only a Hercules could command holding back his mount in sight of the winning post so that an outsider may win the race has no relation to real life.

None of the "clever" folk in racing are such fools as to resort to this crude method of getting their horses into valuable handicaps with a stone to spare and the certainty of a starting price that will yield a young fortune for the connections. Why should they when the same object can be obtained by strict adherence to the recognised rules of racing?

Why should they run the risk of falling foul of the local stewards and the Jockey Club when they can make these estimable gentlemen and the straightest of jockeys their fellow conspirators in their plots to hoodwink the handicapper and put the poor punter in the cart?

• • •

KNOWN to me and to hundreds who go racing in this country, are owners and trainers who would go out of the game to-morrow if they were compelled to rely on what they could win in stakes or in gambles with their horses running on their merits. Horses belonging to these stables have never yet won a race when made favourites by public money, and they never will so long as there are jockeys' instructions that can win or lose a race at will, or the right of eleventh-hour scratching exists.

How is this possible under existing racing conditions with the public and the stewards so keen after in-and-out running? you ask. It is simplicity itself, and whether they know it or not, stewards are as much parties to the tricks of these trainers and owners as are the jockeys who do not like what is going on, but are compelled to do as they are instructed or take the risk of being unemployed or at least called before the stewards and fined or suspended for their failure to carry out their riding instructions.

How, you ask, can a jockey be suspended or fined by the stewards because he refuses to be a party to deliberate hoodwinking of the handicappers and poor punters? Such a thing seems impossible on the English turf. To which I reply that it is not only possible, but it goes on every day of racing, and there is not a jockey who does not know from the formula used in conveying riding instructions to him whether he is expected to win or lose the race. The jockey can certainly refuse to take part in the trickery, but only in the same way that the soldier can refuse to obey the orders of his officer, and with similar risks attached to exercise of the right.

• • •

YEARS ago when I was new to the Turf I was given a mount by an owner who is reckoned one of the wealthiest men at the game to-day. I was told that I was to avoid at all costs being involved in any scramble near the rails, that I was to keep my horse clear of the others.

Being young and innocent I did not know that this is the recognised formula for the injunction, "Take your horse the longest way round and whatever you do you must not win or be anywhere near the leaders at the finish."

Accordingly when I saw an opening on coming into the straight I made for it and with rare good luck I got level with the leaders and after an exciting finish was beaten by a short head.

Proud of having come so near to victory I went back to the weighing-in room and to my great astonishment learned that I was wanted by the stewards. A complaint had been lodged against me, but for the life of me I could not tell what it was for.

Judge my surprise when I found it was at the instance of the owner and trainer of my mount. They accused me of wilful disregard of my riding instructions, and I need not say that my surprise was intensified manifold when I found that I was fined five pounds and severely cautioned in regard to future riding.

• • •

THE story told by owner and trainer was that their horse was a nervous animal which was liable to give trouble if too near others, and on that account I had been instructed particularly to keep him away from the others, but that I had disobeyed my orders with the result that the horse had returned so badly upset that it was doubtful whether he would ever be fit to race again.

Other jockeys only laughed when I told my story, and added significantly that I was new to the game. I soon learned what they meant, and next time I was given similar instructions I carried them out. The "nervous" animal I had ridden was given weights in keeping with the display he had made that day, and on his form was always strongly fancied for any race he was entered for, but he always finished down the course until the handicappers let him into a big handicap in the north at some twenty pounds below his proper weight.

Then there was no question of studying his "nerves." He was off with the rest from the gate, was fighting it out gamely with the leaders and won by several lengths, owner and trainer having the gamble of their lives over him. That helped me to understand how it is that handicappers are hoodwinked, while stewards and jockeys are made the accomplices of this plot at the expense of other owners and the racing public.

And not only does the punter suffer through the trickery of these owners, but others who would gladly run straight are compelled by force of circumstances to resort to similar trickery in order to hold their own.

• • •

LET me tell you a few instances from my own experience in the last few months of how easy it is to trick the handicappers by the simple device of giving what seems quite straight-forward instructions to the jockey. A certain gambling stable acquired a horse that had done well in Ireland, and entered it for selling races. It ran five times altogether, and on each case the jockey was told that it was "temperamental," that it must be allowed to run its own race, and must not on any account be pressed—"otherwise it will turn the game up," was the remark of the trainer.

One young jockey who thought he knew better or may have forgotten the instructions in the excitement of the race did apply pressure, with the result that in that particular race the horse gave a glimpse of its real form, but unfortunately this was overlooked by the handicapper or treated as of no account. The jockey however shared my experience of being invited before the stewards to explain his riding in response to a complaint of the owner who indignantly protested against the brutality of using the whip on a temperamental animal in the way that the rider had done. Result, fine and a caution for the rider.

Two months later the horse figured among the entries for a valuable handicap for which there were many heavily backed popular fancies. His inclusion was treated as a great joke, but the laugh was on the side of the stable when the horse came home alone. On that occasion the instructions to the jockey said nothing about the temperament and all the pressure that was necessary was applied right through!

Apart from the desire to get their horses into good handicaps with a low weight, dishonest owners count on the jockey to help them out when the starting price of their horses does not meet with their approval. There are owners who never mention riding instructions to trainer or jockey until they have had a chance of determining what price the stable commission can be worked at.

• • •

IF the price is a short one owing to the horse being a general fancy, you can bet on it that the horse will not win. There is no deliberate pulling, no "doping" of the horse to make it fail, just the issue of simple instructions to the jockey that can be shouted from the house tops in the hearing of all men. Something like, "Don't knock him about," or perhaps "Keep out of trouble as much as you can, he is a bit upset to-day."

That means to go the longest way round, to keep the horse running easily, and then to drop out without a struggle because the horse must not be taken into the rough and tumble. It is simple, but effective.

The instructions given to the jockey are sufficient to account for variation in the running of some horses up to two stones. There are horses that if left to themselves will get left every time in a race and will easily acquire a reputation for worthlessness in consequence, but pressure will bring proportionately better running, and I am only stating a bare fact when I say that the instructions I receive about nine horses out of ten I ride settle at the gate the question of whether that animal is to be nearer first than last.

It does not matter that thousands of little punters are on the mount to a man. The owner and trainer care nothing for the punters. If the price is not good enough, the horse being theirs, the cart is thought good enough for the punter.

• • •

AND it will always be so as long as the dishonest owner can count on the aid of the stewards in forcing the jockey to carry out instructions that put a premium on rank dishonesty.

It rests with the stewards themselves and with the Jockey Club to see that an end is put to this form of racecourse trickery. Owners should either be forbidden to give instructions which are capable of two interpretations, or jockeys should not be compelled by fear of suspension to obey them. It seems inconceivable that race meeting officials do not realise that underhand work is afoot when an owner whose horse has won, or nearly won, brings a charge against his rider of ignoring instructions which if obeyed would obviously give the horse no chance.

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The Woman Pays

"I AM appealing to you as a married man, with a wife and two boys, aged 3½ years and 15 months. My wife is one of the best of mothers and the best wife a man could wish to have. We have had a hard struggle to make ends meet, my wife and I going without for the boys' sake.

"We have been hard hit lately, myself just getting over an attack of malaria; my wife has been ill for some time and the youngest boy has been ill also. My wife got up on Wednesday last after a spell of sickness—weak, worn and tired. I took her to the parish doctor, also the boy, and he has advised her to go in the workhouse. That I refused, as we had a home of our own.

"My youngest boy was worse on Saturday, so we took him to the doctor who ordered us to get expensive patent foods. He charged us 1s. 6d. for his fee and the medicine, which was every penny we could get together. My wife did her best as she has always done.

"Then came Saturday night. I was upstairs sitting by the bed of my sick child; we had nothing to offer him, no food that he could take, no fire, no gas. The child was asleep, so I went downstairs to see what my wife was doing as I had not seen her for an hour or so; but my wife had gone out. I went in the street, searched everywhere without any sign of her. At about 11.50 I was almost distracted, wondering what had become of her, when a policeman called to ask me to come and bail my wife out. He would not tell me the charge. I did go and bail her out, but she was too distracted to tell me what she had done, and it was not until Monday morning that she would tell me.

"And this is the 'crime' she had committed. These are the words as she told me, as far as I can remember. She said 'We had nothing in the house; we have pawned all that is pawnable; the baby wants nourishing food; we could not borrow anything,' so she had offered for sale that which she alone could offer.

"For the boys' sake, she had walked about for two hours when she was accosted by a man. The police caught them and arrested both the man and my wife. They were charged and were tried together.

"I told the magistrate the reason for the offence, about our sick boy, the empty cupboard, the sacrifice my wife had made. I begged that he would let her go home and that I might take her punishment, and after a lot of pleading he thought justice would be met by a fine of 20s. and costs for the man and 10s. for my wife. The man paid his fine and left, while they kept my wife until I explained we had not got one penny piece and that it was impossible to find such a sum of money. We have now got seven days to get it in—till next Monday.

"Justice, Justice with her scales and bandaged eyes that wouldn't see the sacrifice that my wife had made.

"God to whom my wife prayed to help her turned away. I am asking you, Humanist, if you will help us to pay the fine. You can get all my statements verified at the Victoria Courts, Birmingham. Humanist, you of all men will realise what my wife has suffered. Is it not my place to defend and not condemn? Hoping that you will give me some advice, although I have told my wife that I would rather have stolen than she should have done such a thing."

"Humanist" says: *We have paid your fine, but I do not think you need advice, but rather sympathy and help. No man could put it better than you when you suggest that it is yours to defend and not to condemn. A great heart is a better possession than a full pocket. I hope for your good wife's sake that your luck will soon turn.*

"Felo-de-se"

"I RECENTLY read an article by a clergyman, on *Is Suicide Justified?* and the reading of that report has created a certain course of thought at the back of my brain, but, before I act, I thought that I would write to you and tell you my story

"I went to South Africa some twelve years ago, and was content to remain in a groove, until, after I had had a spell of active service on two fronts, I was discharged as being medically unfit. I returned to my old billet, and was soon promoted to a position of trust and had fifty employees under my charge Soon I met a girl who is now my wife, and everything for a time went smoothly until I started my own business and eventually lost all my money.

"By this time I had become the father of a lovely daughter, and decided to leave Africa behind me and return to England! I have been here some four months, but up to the present have been unable to get employment. My money is fast becoming exhausted.

"If I were single I could fight through, but I realise that I am going to drag my wife down. She has been one of the best, but now that I am nearing the end of my resources I have thought of a way out:—I am insured for £700, and at my death my wife benefits; why should I see my wife and child reduced to want, when a bullet can end my life?

"I am not a coward 'Humanist,' I have risked my life more than once to save others. The question I have asked myself often is: Am I justified?"

"Humanist" says: *I am sure you don't really expect me to tell you to blow out your brains. Don't you think your wife would rather have you than the money? Be a man, fight for your home. There is nothing so well worth fighting for.*

The Sins of the Father

"MY husband is a gentleman thief, who has been several times convicted. I have become sick and tired of pleading with him to mend his ways, and have left him. Occasionally he comes to me and asks me to forgive him, promising to go straight. But he always breaks his word.

"I am independent, and shall never live with him again. But it is breaking my heart to watch my little boy growing up, the image of his father, with the same traits of character, the same adventurous disposition, and the same waywardness.

"Although he is only eleven he has committed many petty thefts. When I speak to him, he says to me, 'Daddy always laughs when I do things like that.' The other day he was playing in the house of a neighbour and she reported to me that she had lost a ring. I later found it in my son's pocket. I was terrified, and returned it to the woman with apologies. She has cut me since.

"I know his father has taught him, in supposed play, to grow up a bad man. My friends tell me that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. I can see no hope. Now my husband is demanding the custody of the child. Whatever am I to do to save my boy?"

"Humanist" says: *Why, if your husband is such a blackguard, do you fear to invoke the protection of the law? Consult a good solicitor. You say you have means. Move away from London for a time and place your child in a good private school, explaining fully to the headmaster your anxiety as to the boy's waywardness.*

Wise Parenthood

"I HAVE lately married, and on going to an insurance company to insure my life, their doctor made the discovery that I was suffering from tuberculosis, and, of course, would not accept me.

"I don't feel that I have any illness, but my wife and I are both passionately fond of children, and we married with the intention of gratifying our parental instincts.

"The doctor tells me that I shouldn't, but I find it very hard to agree with him. I have read somewhere that ninety-five out of every hundred people are tubercular, and we have all got to die of something anyway.

"On all sides I can see people who are little more than half witted breeding freely, having huge families that they cannot support in decency. Why should not my wife and myself taste the joys of parenthood? Are not clean, healthy minds as important to the race as healthy bodies?"

"Humanist" says: *The insurance doctor may have made a mistake. Go to a specialist. If taken in time you may be cured.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to these "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

Get-rich-quick Morals.

"I am a member of a district council. I know of a plan for a new tramway which I believe will be successfully established through a council's decision. Am I morally entitled to buy land through which this tramway will pass?"

Many people would do it. But I hope you won't. You are a trustee. It would be quite wrong of you to make money from information that comes to you only because you are trusted, and in a position of trust.

A Motor-car's Pedigree.

"A friend of mine is constantly inviting me out for trips in his motor-car, and now wants me to go for a long tour. I have had a hint that he did not come by this car honestly, although his general character is above suspicion. Should I go?"

He is your friend. The duty of friendship is clear. Tell him what you have heard, but not where you heard it. Then decide by what he tells you.

December and May.

"I am a widow of fifty, well off, and have formed an infatuation for a boy of nineteen, who is of fine physique, and looks much older. I can provide for his future. Should I marry him?"

It would be an imprudent marriage for both of you. Shakespeare's advice was that the woman should always take an elder than herself. He was a very wise man, whether he wrote the plays or whether, as somebody said, they were written by another fellow of the same name.

Stealing by Finding.

"Three weeks ago I found a wallet containing nearly one hundred pounds, and some private letters. I have not touched the money believing that I shall become entitled to it after a certain lapse of time."

Nothing of the kind. You are running the risk of a criminal prosecution. Take the wallet at once to the police and let them deal with the matter. The private papers should enable them to find the owner.

Little Hero's Mother.

"My son, aged thirteen, at the risk of his life, saved a little girl playmate from drowning in the river near our home. Is he entitled to the Royal Humane Society's medal?"

Write to the Society and tell them all the circumstances. They will make their own enquiries and decide. You may, in any case, be proud of your little son.

Noisy Neighbours.

"In the flat above me live a professional dancer and his wife. They come home in the early hours of the morning, are very rowdy, and bring in undesirable friends. They rehearse dances until three and four in the morning, disturbing my sleep."

Ask the landlord to remonstrate with them. You cannot do anything more unless the disturbance becomes so bad as to amount legally to a nuisance.

His Friend's Misdoings.

"I am a steward on a liner. A shipmate of mine, who is my best friend, is smuggling cocaine. I have begged him not to do it. He only laughs. Shall I remain his friend or should I report him?"

You are not bound to act as an amateur Customs Officer, unless your shipmate is also your subordinate. Then it would be your duty to report. But drop a friendship that is not mutual.

A Son's Wages.

"My son, a discharged naval stoker, tells his father he gets 10s. a week, and £4 a year for clothes, for the next seven years while he is in the Reserve. Is this true?"

You must ask your son. I am not willing to answer questions that will involve me in spying on the actions of others.

Delusions of a Wife.

"My wife, who is shortly to have her first child, has developed extraordinary delusions. She believes that I have committed a crime, and that she should give herself up to save me. Do you think this is a dangerous situation?"

Most dangerous. Ask your doctor to give an expert opinion. It is probably a functional disorder, but must be treated with the utmost care and precaution.

A Dentist's Error.

"My dentist, telling me I had pyorrhoea, took out all my teeth and made me two artificial sets which do not fit. A specialist now tells me I had not pyorrhoea. What can I do?"

I am sorry for you, but afraid you can do nothing, not even bite your dentist. If you could prove culpable negligence or gross incompetence, you would have a legal remedy. But this is always hard to prove.

Making Flesh Creep.

"I am a short story writer specialising on the gruesome. My friends call me the second Edgar Allan Poe. But the editors say my stories, though brilliant, would shatter the nerves of their readers."

An artist must continue to find the highest form of self-expression, irrespective of editors. Try to get a publisher of your own.

Compulsory Expenditure.

"My fiance holds a big position in the City. But he has to entertain business friends on such a scale that he is really poor, and his position no more remunerative than the one he left; and marriage is distant."

Presumably he is building up a business goodwill, for which the reward will come afterwards. That must be your consolation and your incentive to patience.

Enslaved by Cigarettes.

"My sixteen-year-old son, who has an allowance from his uncle in Australia, is smoking fifty cigarettes a day. I am afraid his heart will be effected. He says he cannot give the habit up."

He is certainly doing himself serious harm. Put the facts before the Australian uncle, and, in the meantime, take a firm grip of the boy.

Her Husband's Peril.

"My husband is a newspaper reporter whose crime stories bring him in contact with the scum of humanity. He is on a big paper, but I am afraid that someone will do him a mischief."

He must take the risk, as a policeman or a detective does. If nobody would take any risks it would be an excellent world—for the criminals.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The Cane for Cannon

by HARRISON OWEN

IN answer to charges of trespass and conspiracy, Bishop James Cannon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, guessed and calculated that he was "naht guilty."

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., counsel for the public, "is described as A.D.C.—which, I presume, means aide-de-crank—to Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson and has come across the Atlantic for the purpose of taking a hand, not to mention a (Pussy)foot, in the forthcoming local option elections in Scotland.

"The Cannon's opening roar, as reproduced in the Press, is a sufficient indication of the nature of the offensive he proposes to launch. He has predicted that England will be 'dry' in ten years and means to do his worst to bring about a drought in Scotland at a much earlier period. This in itself is enough to make Caledonia stern and wild, for Scotsmen naturally feel that they are capable of managing their own affairs, and they do not wish the banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon to be associated with cranks and brays from U.S.A.

"Although the Bishop announces that England is 'out of the picture' for the time being, so far as he is concerned, he has not hesitated to mention in passing that 'There is more temptation for the average middle-class man in London than in any city of the world, with the exception of Paris.' This sort of thing may gain him the publicity for which his heart craves, but it is time that Bishop James Cannon and similar alien trespassers and conspirators against our liberties realised that we are tired of them.

Apparently he is one of those persons who are never happy unless they are 'reforming' something or someone, but I would suggest that he should devote his energies to reforming the bootleggers and wood-alcohol drinkers of his own land. There he may be regarded as a Cannon, but here we merely think of him as a pop-gun—to be accurate, a ginger-pop gun.

"My client has already voiced his opinion in the Press that the English are much too sensitive about social reform directed or influenced by people who do not belong to this country," stated Mr. Strawsplitter, who appeared for the defence, "and it seems to me that this inhospitable prosecution proves the justice of his opinion. If the inhabitants of this island were not notoriously insular and pig-headed they would welcome people like my client. It is not every man in the Bishop's position who would be prepared to face the manifold temptations of London in the hope of diverting England and Scotland from their evil ways."

The jury returned after a short retirement and the foreman, wiping his moustache with his handkerchief, announced that the verdict was "Guilty."

"There can be no doubt," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that our hospitality is being grossly abused by U.S. aliens like the prisoner, who come here to play at Pussyfoot-in-the-corner. Although we do not erect Statues of Liberty, we British have our own ideas of freedom, and we do not intend allowing ourselves to be tied hand and foot with blue ribbon to please the prisoner or any other traveller for American dry goods.

"If we had a place in this country equivalent to Ellis Island the prisoner would have been detained there, for this year's quota of cranks from America has already been greatly exceeded. Although called a 'Bishop,' it is obvious that Cannon is merely a 'pawn' on the Pussyfoot chessboard, so I will not deal with him as severely as I would with the ringleader of this conspiracy against our liberties. He is sentenced to an intensive course of haggis-eating and listening to the bagpipes from now until the date of the Scottish local option poll, and during the whole of this period he will not be permitted the use of any money other than such as he is able to collect from the citizens of Aberdeen."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"LEITH OBSERVER":—"A marine fireman was PAID 10s., with the option of five days' imprisonment, for having been found drunk and incapable in Albert Road."

"THE SCHOOLGIRL":—"We shall let him sleep for about THREE WEEKS every DAY—that is all he needs."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"There will be NINE DAYS' racing this WEEK at Wolverhampton, Stockton, Bath and Hurst Park."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO" (advert.):—"Ladies' silk-finished poplin SKIRTS, with stylish tailored COLLARS, in distinctive three colour stripes."

"THE TIMES" (advert.):—"NURSING HOME, nine acres, 25 minutes Charing Cross. £2,000. COMPLETE WITH LIVE AND DEAD STOCK."

"BOYS' REALM":—"But there RANG in his EYES the bleating, pathetic voice of Hoary McGyant."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL":—"She was in the tent BY HERSELF, and there WAS A NUMBER OF OTHER PEOPLE THERE."

"LINCOLN LEADER":—"The church had been charmingly decorated for the occasion with larkspurs and CANTERBURY LAMB."

"HULL DAILY MAIL" (advert.):—"To let, 10 ACRES GOOD FOG."

"LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS":—"The discovery came about through a complaint respecting a valuable Airedale bitch, which was alleged to have been STOLEN FROM A HOME in Liverpool."

"STAR":—"Confetti and streamers rained DOWN from all parts of the FLOOR."

Sports and

by ROWLEY

"JOHN BULL'S" MASS SELECTIONS

A.B.C. 10/1
Jarvie (2nd) 10/1
Time 7/8 Diophon, etc.
Eaglehawk 8/1
Evander 10/1
Azimuth 7/8

The mass selections are again revised, many of our original horses being retained. I have omitted horses that are certain to start at a short price. Divide your bank into 50 parts and back each horse. If more than three run in the same race, no bet. Add your winnings to the bank. Horses must be backed to win only.

A.B.C.
Azimuth
[illegible]
Bonnie Race
Bowood
Cabbage
Canary Seed
Ceinturon
Calvert
Deflation
Donna Ines
Duncan Grey
Eaglehawk
Evander
First Magic
Fiammetta
Holy Friar
Inkerman
Jinga
Jarvie
Kelvin
Kepplestone
Leighon Tor
Mademoiselle M.
Meteoric
Morning Light
Ozone
Parth
Plas Newydd
Pondoland
Poisoned Arrow
Precious
Rock Fire
Scone
Shri
Time

The American Challenge.

I am not taking the American challenge too seriously, and I could wish, for the credit of English racing, that Mr. Ben Irish does not take it too seriously either. In the first place, only an extraordinarily constituted horse could stand the journey across the Atlantic and immediately acclimatise himself; and in the second place, only a real good horse could beat the best of the Americans in the condition under which races are run on the other side.

And Papyrus is not a real good horse. He is a useful fellow—very useful. But he ought not to have won the Derby, and in my judgment he will not finish in the first three of the St. Leger field. My selection for that race is

PARTH.

and I am not likely to change my mind.

• • •

The Ebor.

The reader will do well to remember that many stables, and especially the heavy betting stables, are "sparring" for the real tussle which begins at Doncaster. The York meeting is a serious affair, however, especially for the northern stables, and we shall see some good betting over the Ebor, for which the Irish wonder, Little Marten, runs, and according to a very good friend of mine, is expected to win with some ease.

• • •

Bellman.

He may find one or two to beat him, and I should not be surprised to see Lord Derby's colours in the forefront of the battle. We have seen little of Mr. Frank Curzon's horses of late, and Bellman, who is a popular tip for the Cesarewitch, is well in (the entry being a very moderate one) with 7.10. The horses I like best are Juniso, Ceinturon, Little Marten, Bellman and Jazz Band. If I were betting on the race I should take Juniso.

• • •

Epinard should be Disqualified.

Epinard, I am told, is a certain runner for the Cambridgeshire. I wonder how many people know that, strictly on the Rules of Racing, Epinard had a narrow squeak of being disqualified for the Stewards' Cup! Had Bathe objected, Jarvie must have got the race, for it is a strict rule that nobody must touch the jockey of a winning horse until he has weighed in. And about a dozen people shook hands with Haynes on returning to scale and before he dismounted.

• • •

You may say that it would have been unsporting to have objected, but I can tell you that, if the incident had happened in France, the French stewards would not have waited for an objection. Here is the rule :—

Part XXI, 153 (ii.) If a jockey touch (except accidentally) any person or thing other than his own equipment before weighing in his horse is disqualified unless he can satisfy the Stewards that he was justified by extraordinary circumstances.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

St. Leger.

Following a nice fall of rain, our trainers have been able to send their charges at a faster pace. Eastern Monarch and Ellangowan have had Sewing Machine to lead them in their gallops. Both these candidates are giving complete satisfaction, and Saturday's gallop was the best I have seen of J. Jarvis' candidates. Towards the finish Elliott, on Ellangowan, had to push his mount along to keep up with the other two. I have no doubt that Elliott's mount in the race will be Eastern Monarch, which is the better stayer. He is a likely outsider.

Papyrus strode out in good style with Roger de Busli, Solace and Bar Gold over the full Leger course. The Derby winner went brilliantly and could not possibly be doing better. He will be seen out at York and his performance there will be interesting. Waygood could not have a better preparation. His trainer, Halsey, has been on his back in several good gallops lately, and his connections are very partial to the chance of this one.

I have never seen Town Guard look so well as at present. I don't suppose he will run at Doncaster, but he will no doubt win a nice handicap, probably the Cambridgeshire. I do not think Knockando will see a racecourse again this year; he is almost on the point of breaking down and Mr. Gilpin's chance of winning the Leger will lie with Greek Bachelor, for whom I have no fancy.

The best gallop of all the Leger horses was that of Doric, with Childs up. Like all the others, he went the full course, 1¾ miles, with Triumph and The Villager for companions. He was conceding Triumph at least 7 lb. and I should think 21 lb. to The Villager. Childs was sitting quite comfortably on Doric, but the other pair were tiring towards the end. Everyone who witnessed the gallop seemed to be of the same opinion—that, all being well, Doric will want a tremendous lot of beating, and anybody who backs him each way will have a really good investment.

Ebor Handicap.

Bessema is a much-improved animal, and if this is her selected race she will go very close, in spite of her weight. She may, however, be kept for the Prince Edward Handicap. Lambton can choose from Ceinturon, Stanislaus and Sierra Leone, and of this trio I prefer the latter, who is a good stayer, but, like Bessema, is also engaged at Manchester, so the stable may be represented by Ceinturon, which can be made out to hold a great chance on his best form. Harpenden will give way to his stable companion, Bellman, which will go very near winning. Irish Belfry has done a good preparation and will go to the post in a perfectly trained condition. Hunt Law has seen his best days, and although he will probably be placed to win, I cannot see him winning the Ebor Handicap. On the whole, I like Argo, Bellman and Irish Belfry, in the order named.

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Londesborough Welter Handicap.

Patras is useful, and was thought a good thing when running at our July meeting, but he could not act on account of the hard going. Lensfield is well, and may run prominently. Gazania has a good chance on his second to Kilmoon at Redcar, and this horse has done well since. They are not a very bright lot, and if Patras is sent he must have my confident vote, knowing that he needs soft going and will not run unless he is fit and well. Moreover, he is of somewhat better class than the rest of the field.

• • •

Clifton Welter Handicap.

Weathervane will no doubt be seen out here, and should make a better show than at Kempton. Santaquest is now in the pink of condition, but I have more liking for Wittol, which ran well against the well-backed Morestel at Windsor, whom he can meet again on much better terms. If Plas Newydd goes here, he will want beating. True Knight was much fancied at Windsor, and has been galloped so well with Red Crest that he was thought to be a good thing. However, he failed to get placed, but he may run better here. If the race comes to headquarters I think it will be with the aid of Wittol, which will be ridden by Elliott.

• • •

Lowther Selling Welter.

Runners will be plentiful here. I think Johnnie Crapaud will take a great deal of beating. He has not looked back since running second to Ding How receiving a stone, and I take him as our best.

• • •

Palatine Nursery.

Gilpin has three horses engaged here, one of which will probably be the winner. They are: Westacre, Clear Dance and Hard Times; the last-named will probably prove to be the best, and I am confident he will pay to follow.

• • •

Pombal should be noted for his selected race. In a fast gallop over a mile and a half with Stravropol, he showed to the best advantage, finishing several lengths in front. Pombal is engaged in the Prince Edward Handicap, and, should he be reserved for that race, he will take a tremendous amount of beating.

THE BALL GAME.

Doctor Wanted.

The Highbury crowd will not be pleased until Dr. Paterson comes into the team. "Captain" Billy Blyth is a fine substitute, but apart from being an early casualty, he would be the first to tell you he is not a Paterson. The doctor hopes to appear against West Bromwich a fortnight hence, and if he is in his last season's form, he is a shilling-worth in himself.

Our Selections.

Readers will have noticed that my selections are post-dated a week. I shall adhere to this policy so as to give them plenty of time in which to fill in their coupons. At the same time, however, noting all the possibilities of even small terms.

Croal's Successor.

It was painfully obvious to Fulham's supporters that last season Jimmy Croal's football days were numbered, even if he was able to show so little of his old-time cleverness and strategy. To fill his place Phil Kelso has been to Scotland and induced the Airdrieonians to part with Doyle. They are not all swans that came from Scotland, and the Fulham crowd will want to see goals from Doyle, not mere pretty stuff.

Job Wanted.

Tim Coleman, who did so much for the Arsenal and Everton, is in want of a position as assistant trainer, and ought not to want long if football clubs know their business. Tim has had a spell at Maidstone, and now and again turned out to show the youngsters how football should be played. He knows all there is to be known about an inside-forward's duties, and I have no qualms in recommending him.

Early Team Changes.

Our football correspondent writes :—

Team changes in the first weeks of the season are merely a sign of weakness on the part of the selectors. Any player who has got his place on the result of trial-match form should be given at least a month in the first eleven. No one can be expected to settle down thoroughly in less time. All the best managers believe in at least four matches for a player before scrapping him.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

YORK (Wednesday).
1.45 Cistercian (Blackland, Widow Bird).
2.20 Corban (Orange River, The Prude's Fall).
2.55 Phalaris (St. Clears, England's Gate).
EBOR HANDICAP :—Irish Belfry (Young Pole, Bessema).
4.0 [illegible] (Appleby, Green Fire).
4.30 White Bud (Vespers, King of Clubs).
5.0 Concertina (Papyrus, Craig Eleyr).

YORK (Thursday).
1.30 Phaon (Terre Ferme).
2.0 Errant Lad (Roi du Ciel, Astronomical).
2.30 Doric (Concertina, Teresina).
3.0 Diophon (Ducks and Drakes, Grand Knight).
3.30 Zareba (Hunting Song, Atirovaf).
4.0 [illegible] (Hollaster, Moro).

GATWICK (Friday).
2.0 Graceful Baby (Wee Mon).
2.30 Razor (Oshkosh, [illegible]).
3.0 [illegible] (Lady Catfield, Sweet Dorothy).
3.30 Santolina (Olio Olly, Glennell).
4.0 Kallikrates (Grand Duke II., Page).
4.35 Lake Leman (De Coverley, Brilliance).

GATWICK (Saturday).
2.0 [illegible] (Reckway, London Pride).
2.30 Aliette (Razor).
3.0 Cadabra (Envoy, Blagueur).
3.30 Lackey (Mademoiselle M., [illegible] Brother).
4.0 Royal Hunter (Compiler, [illegible]).
4.25 Judith O'Malley (Imperial).

HAYDOCK PARK (Friday).
1.30 [illegible] (Cadabra, Volunteer).
2.20 [illegible] (Pere la Cerise).
2.50 [illegible] (Hard Battle, [illegible]).
3.20 Polperro (Battery Smoke, Lady [illegible]).
3.50 Peter Pan (Wager).
4.15 [illegible] (Martina).

HAYDOCK PARK (Saturday).
1.45 [illegible] (Happy Flight).
2.15 Sure Gain (Wokingham).
2.45 [illegible] (Glennell, [illegible]).
3.15 Vivian (Tip Tree).
3.45 White Bud (Rose des Vents, [illegible]).
4.10 [illegible] (Righto High).

Sportsmen

MILE

All Good at Home.

Followers of home teams should have a good time in the First Division this week-end. The Villa, Bolton Wanderers, Liverpool, and Sheffield United, have, for years, been very powerful on their own grounds, and all should win their matches. I also have a fancy for Burnley, Chelsea, and Newcastle United. West Ham's home record last season will make many people think twice before taking them to beat Sunderland, and a draw seems the safest thing to bank on here. Middlesbrough usually go mad at the start of a season, but Huddersfield are good enough to hold them, and here again I vote for a draw. The 'Spurs have so great a record against Preston North End that they will probably win at Deepdale, but Everton seem the best away team to follow against the Forest.

Division II. Forecasts.

Second Division likely home winners are Barnsley, Clapton Orient, Leeds and Manchester United, and Fulham and Derby County should not let their supporters down in their away matches. Bradford City and the Wednesday, and Port Vale and the Palace look so evenly matched that draws are indicated.

Over the Border.

Falkirk's draw with the Rangers, the Scottish League champions, should give them confidence, and will make them favourites even on the St. Mirren ground. Aberdeen, the Celtic, and the Hearts should all win their home engagements without any great difficulty, and look the best thing of the day across the border.

A Thinking Back.

Freeman, the Liverpool lad, who never got really into the limelight at Oldham, should make fame with Middlesbrough, where a footballer gets more publicity than is the case in the Lancashire town. He is a back of the Howard Spencer type, always thinking out the best method of pushing the ball forward. Freeman has only to develop on normal lines to be an England player.

Watch the Flood.

Notts Forest should get some good service out of young Flood, the Isle of Wight youth, who never got a real show at Bolton because of the remarkable versatility of Joe Smith. Flood has been described as a second Charlie Buchan—rather an exaggeration, but he is a good lad to have on your side.

Follow Blackpool.

Blackpool are worth following in the Second Division. They are very anxious to get First Division football in the Lancashire seaside town, and have engaged Major Frank Buckley as team manager. Buckley was a great centre-half when with Derby County, and has played for England.

A Kindly Transfer.

Some of the 'Spurs' supporters are still rankled over the departure of the young centre-forward, Whitton, to Chelsea, especially as Manager Peter McWilliam is still perturbed about a regular leader of the 'Spurs attack. To be blunt about it, however, Whitton did not reach the McWilliam conception, and as in the case of Wilson, who has done 100 per cent. better work for Huddersfield than he accomplished for the North London team, it was a kindly act to transfer him since, in my opinion, Whitton will be a success in the more bustling type of football as adopted at Stamford Bridge. He ought to go through the Blackburn defence at least once this week-end.

THERE is not a better half-back in England who cannot get a regular place in a First Division team than Skinner of the 'Spurs. The North London club officials would be the first to admit this, and I know they are delighted to have a player of such ability to fall back upon.

It says much for Skinner's loyalty to the club that he has never craved for a change and is still plugging away.

Skinner has been unfortunate to be contemporary with two International wing half-backs of the calibre of Bert Smith and Arthur Grimsdell, but on his appearances with the first team as deputy for one of the two, he has impressed everybody with his powerful tackling and all-round ability. The suggestion has been made that Smith should go centre-half to make way for Skinner. It is not a wise policy, however, to shift a man from a position in which he has won International fame, and Peter McWilliam, I am sure, would only do so in the case of absolute necessity.

Skinner may have to go on acting as reserve for some time yet, but he will not lose any popularity as the result.

A native of the London area—he was born at Beckenham—Skinner is a finely built athlete. Weighing 11st. and standing 5 ft. 8 in. high, a sturdy and powerful tackler, he watches the ball very closely all the time, and realises that the use of the shoulders is only wise when necessity demands it. Like all great footballers, he plays the ball every time, and all the time, and has mastered the science of control.

(Next week:—G. Sapsford, Preston N.E.)

FORECASTS FOR SEPT. 8th.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

Home Winners.

*Barnsley, *Everton, Newcastle, 'Spurs, West Bromwich, West Ham.

Away Winners.

*Aston Villa, *Huddersfield, Liverpool.

Draws.

Birmingham v. Sunderland, *Manchester City v. Bolton.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

Home Winners.

*Derby County, *Hull City, Leicester, Oldham, The Wednesday, *Stockport, Stoke.

Away Winners.

*Bristol City, *Barnsley.

Draws.

Bury v. Manchester United, *Palace v. Fulham.

THIRD LEAGUE.—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Accrington, *Bradford, *Chesterfield, Darlington, Lincoln, Rotherham, Tranmere, *Wigan.

Away Winners.

*Wolves.

Draws.

Durham v. Walsall, *Halifax v. Grimsby.

THIRD LEAGUE.—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

Bristol Rovers, *Charlton, *Exeter, Newport, *Portsmouth, *Swansea, *Watford.

Away Winners.

Millwall, *Plymouth, Q.P. Rangers.

Draws.

*Brentford v. Luton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

Clyde, *Dundee, Partick, *St. Mirren.

Away Winners.

Falkirk, Raith Rovers, *Rangers, Celtic.

Draws.

*Ayr v. Aberdeen, *Hibs v. Hearts.

(Special Selections for coupon purposes are marked with an asterisk.)

"John Bull's" NAP—
"DUGGIE" ***
FOR DOUBLES.
CES. AND CAMBS.
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A Postal Order for 14/- will bring, carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 15s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.
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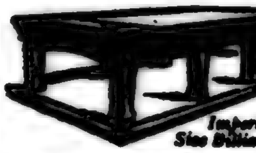

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

What's the good of being a Girl?

For thirty years that cry has been wrung from me through the anguish of a hard, thwarted existence. Born delicate, reared roughly—the offspring of impoverished parents—I had to toil when other children played or slept. But whereas my brothers received payment for their labour, I had to work for nothing. In my sixteenth year, unskilled and feeble, I slaved long hours in a factory for a meagre wage. "Why wasn't I a man?" was ever my uppermost thought. Then I married—to continue my unremunerative slavery. I had to bear and rear children—the while I lacked the nourishment and ease necessary for the task; and now, I am prematurely old, beaten by the struggle against circumstances. Is it any wonder that such as I declaim against Fate and say "What's the good of being a girl?"—*"Hopeless," Birmingham.*

The Ruhr and Lancashire.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner in his article, "More About the *Daily Mail*," hits the nail on the head in his remarks on the stranglehold the Ruhr policy is having on the Lancashire cotton industry. Though Lancashire has found a ray of sunshine in the recent peace with Turkey, she is still being crippled by the Poincaré policy. The whole cotton industry of Lancashire thank Mr. Gardiner for letting the public know what the *Daily Mail* policy is costing this country. And what A. G. G. doesn't know about the cotton industry isn't worth knowing, for he spent his days as a struggling journalist in the land of looms.—*G. G., Burnley.*

Jobs for Snobs.

I wonder why so many employers, when advertising vacancies, stipulate "Public School Boy." Do employers mean to convey that boys educated in elementary and secondary schools are inferior in qualifications to those educated at public schools? I have worked at home and abroad with both secondary and public schoolboys and have always found the former able to hold their own in commerce, engineering, etc., with the public school product. It seems most unreasonable to debar a man from a lucrative post because he is unfortunate enough not to have had a public school education.—*J. L., West Derby, Liverpool.*

Judges Who Aren't.

Cases of ships lost at sea, involving technical details of naval architecture, are heard in the commercial court. There is an Admiralty judge who would be only too glad to be confided to such matters. Yet this learned member of the Bench, whose career as a barrister was almost exclusively devoted to maritime cases, is forced to adjudge between men and women in the Divorce Court. A further example might be taken of a bachelor judge to whom was delegated the duty of deciding what was, and what was not extravagance in a woman's choice of clothes. A little discretion and human feeling in the allocation of judges would be admirable. —*G. S., Preston.*

Drunken Train Drivers.

The recent, frequent traffic accidents which have been the direct result of the drunkenness of drivers, should arouse severe censure against the offending parties. Only last week I overheard a man tell how a railway engine driver of his acquaintance undertook a journey while hopelessly drunk, getting through safely only by sheer luck. That the public should be forced to run such avoidable risks is nothing short of criminal.—*E. N., Liverpool.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Cleaning up the Stage.

To root out the bogus theatrical manager, others of his tribe must be rooted out, too. Scattered over the country, and in South Wales in particular, are hundreds of alleged theatres whose total holding capacity, less tax, would not reach £100 per week at the low prices of admission. These theatres advertise misleading figures to persuade touring companies to accept dates on a 50 per cent.-50 per cent. basis, with the result that genuine touring managers, anxious to keep their artistes in work, play the dates, only to find losses staring them in the face. A few weeks and their capital has gone. These alleged theatres, with an inefficient staff, orchestra and lighting, and small rental, always shows a profit. A law should be passed that would compel a resident manager to engage companies whose total expenses do not exceed 40 per cent. of the holding capacity of the theatre.—*G. G. G., Hackney.*

Shylock in the Mills.

Cannot something be done to check the grasping profitable operations of the Shylocks who carry on their pernicious money-lending businesses in Lancashire cotton mills? Men in authority some of them are, and they encourage the borrowing by hand-to-mouth operatives, victimising them in shameful fashion. Though the sums lent are but small, the interest exacted is high, frequently working out at 500 or 600 per cent. and even more. These money-leeches pose as kindly helpers and benefactors, but they are a cause of much misery in the homes of many factory workers.—*Mrs. J. B., Burnley.*

Where the N.S.P.C.A. Fails.

We often see cases where miners are summoned for cruelty to pit ponies, but I think the N.S.P.C.A. would find a great scope for their activities if they would pay attention to canal boat horses. Some of the boatmen have no mercy on their horses. To see them straining at the rope, pulling from thirty to forty tons, is bad enough, but to see a hulking fellow perched on the horse's back, continually prodding it with a sharp-pointed stick, is far worse. I spoke to one man myself one day (the horse was stumbling almost every step) and got a good sample of Bargee's language for my trouble.—*C. K., Huddersfield.*

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A Legal Wifely Wage.

At present a husband is not bound to give his better-half one penny piece, and a wife has no means of enforcing her husband to dress her and feed the family according to the proper permits of his income. And how often do we find the man well cognisant of the advantage he possesses, allowing his wife a bare pittance and keeping the bigger share for himself and his often not too worthy pursuits? How humiliating for a woman to wring out money by cajoling, should she need a new dress! It should be legally incumbent on the husband to allow the wife a certain percentage of his earnings.—*"Ivy," Birmingham.*

Unwanted Children.

The immoral tendency of many young married people is to deliberately avoid the duty and call of parentage, and much public encouragement is given them. Babies are regarded as an inconvenience and a hindrance to indulgence in social pleasures. Natural and moral laws are flouted. Moral anarchy is held to be justified and practices which undermine the nation's family life are commended on the ground that the birth of unfits is restricted. But what of the possible fit children who are murdered by these means, and the imperilling of the whole social system of the state? It is a duty to parent healthy children, and selfish interests should not be placed ahead of that.—*J. A. B., Manchester.*

The Wife who Works.

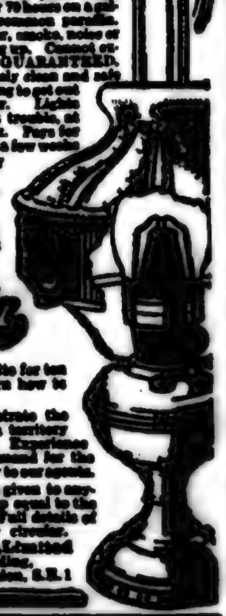
What's the idea of "Mrs. W. D., Burnley," when she appeals for somebody to come to the rescue of the sweated wives of Lancashire cotton mills? Who says married women who work in mills are slaves? Certainly not the women themselves. During these bad times a wife is anxious to do her bit, and the shorter hours and often Saturdays off in the mills, enable a married woman to add considerably to the home income without neglecting her home—and all honour to her. There is only one way in which she is a slave, and that is in her own home, and no true wife calls that slavery. The women of Lancashire are happy in their work and homes.—*"A Wife-Worker," Bolton.*

Minimising Bathing Fatalities.

This year while holiday making on the Continent I was struck with the precautions taken by the authorities at seaside resorts to ensure safety to bathers there. Paid officials armed with megaphones were present at different points to warn bathers of places where swift currents, potholes and sharp beach-dips offered danger. Sirens and the waving of red flags were also resorted to as alternative means. Moreover, small but swift motor-boats were ever ready to shoot out to any luckless one who found himself in difficulties. The municipal authorities at our own seaside resorts would do well to imitate these wise methods. The heavy toll on life claimed through bathing fatalities calls for more than mere passing sympathy with the bereaved.—*J. B. Mc., Dundee, Scotland.*

Decorated Charabancs.

The practice of having yards of paper streamers floating behind charabancs seems to be growing. A little thought would show the offenders that this is exceedingly dangerous to horse traffic. The custom should be abolished to avoid the danger of accidents caused by startled horses.—*E. C., Guiseley.*



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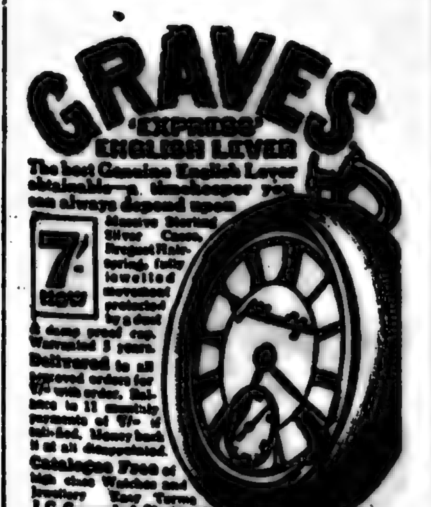

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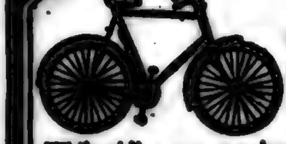

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A. C. T. (Gourock).—"Things'll pan out all right." M'yes—or Peter out.

B. F. S. (Bridgewater).—"There's a cloud over the country." More rain!

TOMMY (Camberwell).—"I must have my grouse." Easy! It's on all the menus these days.

MEG (Stockton).—"Bachelors should learn to use a needle and thread for themselves." And sew on.

STILL GOING (Lancaster).—"I'm old-fashioned enough to prefer a night-shirt." Yes! You have no pyjamas.

M. R. (Eccles).—"My children will run about in their bare feet." Give 'em socks.

S. B. (Aldershot).—"You remember the old saw." We have it on a file somewhere.

W. W. (Brixton).—"Where does the tide go when it goes out?" Now we're at sea.

JAKE (Hammersmith).—"I don't like music with my meals." We prefer food ourselves.

T. H. K. (Sutton).—"War is in the air." Then we'd better get down to earth.

A. W. (Belfast).—"Britain should be self-supporting." And families self-raising.

GOALIE (Renfrew).—"Why doesn't J.B. give more attention to football." How's this reference for a kick-off?

W. B. T. (Leeds).—"Some people are never satisfied." Some people have so little to be satisfied about.

A. J. (Sydney).—"Certain people are after England's preserves." Then the jam factories should be working overtime.

T. F. A. (Cardiff).—"I am of a quiet and secretive disposition." Then why write umpteen pages to tell us about it?

W. G. F. (Farnboro').—"Frequently my breakfast consists entirely of biscuits." Crumbs!

J. P. (Oldham).—"200 couples are getting married here during wakes-week." Wake-up week will, no doubt, come later.

T. K. (Bilston).—"It's when you're down and out you find your real pals." No, sir! That's when your real pals find *you*.

W. A. (Bristol).—"You always seem to hit the nail on the head." That's because we always seem to know what we're aiming at.

H. G. (Chatham).—"All rubbish should be burned." Our office fire not being alight we've done the next best thing and put your letter in the W.P.B.

D. B. (Salford).—"Why men drink is a puzzle." Still, they won't give it up.

B. L. (Hoylake).—"The average man doesn't think." We *don't* think.

T. H. L. (Ilkeston).—"Which class is winning most." The class that is whining least.

C. F. (Hoylake).—"I'm doing two men's work." Then you're keeping a man out of a job.

T. T. H. (Yeovil).—"I've a bone to pick with JOHN BULL." Hope it's a funny bone.

P. B. (East Ham).—"The price of coal will be reduced in due time." We'd prefer in winter time.

EVEN MONEY (Highgate).—"Why do favourites win so seldom?" Probably because we so often back them.

W. G. (Rotherham).—"Children are only a nuisance to young married people." No, sir! They're a solace all the time.

T. B. W. (Tenby).—"The shop assistant doesn't refer to his fellow employee as his mate." Still, he's his countermate.

PROUD FATHER (Colchester).—"You will be pleased to hear that my daughter was twenty-one yesterday." We're simply delighted.

W. Y. (Neasdon).—"I have been taught to think for myself." Now you want to be taught to think of other people.

V. F. Exmouth).—"Kindly reply to my letter, although I am only a nonentity." As you are also an anonymity how can we?

C. O. S. (Keighley).—"The country is at the mercy of the ruling classes." And so long as the ruling is straight, why worry?

R. A. (Leeds).—"Often I have a long walk before breakfast." We're frequently too late for a taxi and have to walk home ourselves.

T. E. (Blackpool).—"Labour is only waiting until the pendulum swings." Then we assume, the great big world will start turning again?

J. L. L. (Bradford).—"I have often been tempted to write a leading article for your paper." If you find your resistance weakening wire us immediately.

—— (Swansea).—"'Swansea' has written and his letter has been ignored." "Swansea" (and others) are hereby informed that the office bulldog is not a bloodhound. He cannot smell out addresses.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

D. G. (Liverpool).—"Second thoughts are best." But not second-hand thoughts.

R. P.-H. (Enfield).—"A canary makes the house home-like." We prefer a little swallow ourselves.

T. P. A. (Southsea).—"Fish never go to sleep." Then what is the ocean bed for?

WANTO (Keighley).—"What does one over the eight mean?" A 5s. fine usually.

S. L. D. (Bognor).—"Fancy the working man paying 1s. for 20 cigarettes." There's a picture for you!

B. J. (Leyton).—"The English climate is a joke." But it's certainly not dry humour.

F. T. (Felixstowe).—"Most young men like young men's society." So do most young women.

P. E. S. (Kensington).—"What did Jonah give the whale?" Indigestion probably.

B. C. (Oxshott).—"Women talk a lot about clothes." Then every married man knows that talk *isn't* cheap.

F. E. N. (Burslem).—"There isn't enough money to go round." We'd be satisfied with enough to get square.

A. W. (Langley).—"Personally, I'm not keen on pictures." We give ours to the first kid that asks us.

SOUWESTER (Belfast).—"JOHN BULL, as usual, shows the way." Sort of national signpost, aren't we?

R. N. (Bridlington).—"And where is the horse driver of to-day." We should think that he's frequently in the cart.

M. A. F. (Bath).—"A clean collar doesn't make a gentleman." Still, it shows the wearer is making a good try.

R. McA. (Leith).—"Scotch schools turn out the best scholars." Whereas in England it's the other sort they expel.

PATRIOT (Lincoln).—"Don't you think it about time somebody started shouting 'hats off to Britain's unemployed?'" It would be better to find them jobs.

TAYARE (Upminster).—"I can't reasonably be expected to work all day." Then you should arrange to be put on the night shift.

L. S. (New Brighton).—"No matter, the sun will shine again to-morrow." Good! we'll have our panama put out in anticipation.

TOBY (Deal).—"What will happen when the corn wants cutting?" Excuse us! We have no knowledge whatever of chiropody.

NOIT (Rock Ferry).—"Its impossible to make money horse-racing." Then possibly our bookmaker won his Rolls Royce in a raffle.

E. W. T. (Taunton).—"What possible moral does Red Riding Hood teach, for instance." It teaches grandmamas to be careful not to mix up with wolves.

G. W. M. (Mersea).—"I've lost all faith in charity." Then there's no hope.

SCARED (Lowestoft).—"Will you please keep my name out of your paper?" The pleasure is ours.

TIM (Doncaster).—"Magistrates are beginning to waken up." They've certainly had a long snooze.

R. A. (Buxton).—"What's wrong with an occasional game at snooker." As we play it, it's all wrong.

P. C. R. (Orpington).—"Every man with responsibilities wants something to fall back on." How about a cushion?

TAR JOHN (Prestwick).—"The magnitude of some people's imagination is limitless." A sort of vast vacant void?

H. A. (Worthing).—"Every boy should be taught two good languages." The other kind he'll pick up for himself.

CITIZEN (Portsmouth).—"I should like to see something in your next issue about Labour Exchanges." We prefer to write about useful institutions.

A. E. C. (Sunderland).—"Why isn't the sea always close up to the shore?" Perhaps it's so that you won't have so many chances to fall into it.

J. G. (Bradford).—"Your paper is doing a great amount of good for the community at large." That's funny. We hold precisely the same view.

H. J. (Portsmouth).—"There is a *Bullets* £1,000 winner living in this town." Well, two's company, isn't it? There's another £1,000 offered this week.

H. M. (Norwich).—"Recently I saw four professional crooks cheat a farmer out of £7 in a three mile train journey." It would have been cheaper to walk.

W. P. (Aberdeen).—"Why is not every newspaper compelled by law to guarantee its advertisements. JOHN BULL does it." Yes, but then we always lead the way.

J. F. M. (Bradford).—"Anyone who is murderously inclined does not dread death." But it doesn't follow that a man who doesn't dread death is a potential murderer.

C. E. H. (Halifax).—"When it comes to being well-dressed, a woman's shoes go a long way." But when a woman's shoes go a long way they're too large, aren't they?

T. R. (Troon).—"This reparation business is getting serious." It's the set getting part that troubles us.

F. G. (Coventry).—"Will the action of the police in regard to the sweepstake run by the Brighton branch of the British Legion affect the St. Leger sweep of the Hackney United Services?" No, Sir!

S. O. S. (Aberdeen).—"Why don't you mind your own business?" And disappoint our million readers? Never!

T. T. (Wolverhampton).—"They tell me you are a very popular man in London." Yes, but it's annoying to be pointed out in the street.

G. M. (W. Hartlepool).—"I love peace and try my best to do my duty to my husband." What a wife! What a wife!

P. M. B. (Stoke).—"How many fathers are there who take their children out for a walk?" Sorry, but we're in a hurry to catch a train.

G. H. T. (Gateshead).—"As everyone knows, when a strike has been called the workmen affected are placed on strike pay." You've been reading a book.

ROUSER (Portland).—"The only privilege we get nowadays is that of moaning." In the name of cheerfulness don't abuse it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free!
SEND NO MONEY.
Turn to page 32 now before the opportunity is gone.

FOOTBALL AGAIN!

The People

has arranged to give its readers

SPECIAL CRITICISMS

FULL RESULTS

AMUSING CARTOONS

In addition, **EXCLUSIVE COMMENTS** will be given on the **VARIOUS LEAGUES**

AMATEUR MATCHES will be fully and specially described.

SEE

The People

every Sunday. You will be satisfied with

THE FULNESS OF ITS SPORTING PAGES

and the accuracy of its reports.

8D. Per Packet.

No need to pay a halfpenny more—

EIGHTPENCE only—that is all Shredded Wheat costs you. To pay more is to waste money and gain nothing in quality—for there is no finer cereal food in the world *at any price.*

The crisp, tasty whole-wheat "biscuits" are ready for serving with hot or cold milk—enabling working men and women to prepare an early breakfast at a moment's notice. The easily-digested shreds contain all the nutriment of the wheat-grain—every food element needed to build healthy muscle, bone and nerve.

Order a packet from your grocer to-day or send coupon below for free trial packet.

Shredded Wheat

100 FOOD

COUPON *for*

FREE TRIAL PACKET

To the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.,
26, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

Please forward me free and post free a liberal trial sample of Shredded Wheat and a copy of the 50 recipe Cook Book.

Name ....

Address (in full) ....

....

Please write in block (or capital) letters.

TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and calluses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for awhile, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

Our New Free Home Insurance Gift.

Conditions.

(*a*) This scheme applies only to persons over ten and under seventy years of age residing in and property situated in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, but excepting Ireland so far as benefits under the riot clause.

(*b*) A Registered Reader shall mean any person over ten and under seventy years of age registered with JOHN BULL as having signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Insurance Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.

(*c*) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing as to accident benefits within seven days and household benefits within forty eight hours and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furished by the Registered Reader at his own expense.

(*d*) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, suicide, insanity, or intemperance, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(*e*) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of a hand or foot above the wrist or ankle, and the loss of an eye means total loss of all sight of that eye.

(*f*) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within thirty days after the accident and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

(*g*) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such insurance, money in cash or otherwise excluded.

(*h*) To become recipient of rent benefit, the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(*i*) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(*j*) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(*k*) In case of change of address and/or change of Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, otherwise no benefits will be allowed.

(*l*) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the Proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is over £1,250,000.

(*m*) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a registered reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

For list of New Benefits offered see page 2.

The Woman Who Waited In Vain

And the Five Little Fatherless Children.

DOWN at the corner of the street a little crowd has collected, a group of curious women and peering men.

The windows of neighbouring houses rattle up and heads are thrust out to discover the cause of the commotion. From all directions little boys are running to push their way through and gaze with wondering eyes at the object in the centre of the group.

There is an awed hush; the men are speaking in whispers. The figure in the centre lies motionless.

"Was it an accident?" you ask in a low voice.

"No, he just—just dropped dead," someone whispers back.

The policeman who has been 'phoning for the ambulance returns. They make way for him silently. Presently the vehicle comes round the corner, dispersing the crowd at the side of the street.

A minute more and the silent, motionless man is placed in the van and taken rapidly away.

The little group breaks up.

"Tough luck," you mutter—and go on to your dinner-party, or your tennis, or your theatre, or your punt on the river. Soon the man is forgotten.

Tough luck, indeed. But for whom? For the man whose earthly cares have ended? Or for the sad-eyed woman and the five little children who await his return?

Did you think of them when you stood in the group? Did *anybody* think of the poor widow and the fatherless kiddies?

Can you imagine their plight? The woman had a hard enough time of it before when her husband (an ex-Service man) was ill, and doctor's bills ran away with all their money. Now he is gone and there are five children and herself to feed. And the eldest child is only twelve.

Yes, it is tough luck indeed.

And that is only one of the cases that the "Greatest of These—" Fund was able to do a little for this week.

But it was little enough, in all conscience, for our resources did not allow us to give to the poor woman the sum we should have liked to give.

All over the country women in similarly straitened circumstances appeal to us. For them and for the kiddies we would do more if we could.

Won't *you* help us to help them?

Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

K. Earl, 1s. 3½d.; M. T. P., 6d.; "Dick," 6d.; "Two Best of Wishers," 1s. 4d.; "Jimmie," 2s. 3d.; "Llanymynech W. W.," 2s. 6d.; A. J. Bland, 5 dollars; "Unlucky Longtown," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. L. H., 1s.; "One Ounce," 10½d.; "Bullet Winner's Ninth," 1s.; "Alford," 2s.; M. A. D., 1s. 4d.; "Burgh Office," 1s. 6d.; "An Old Reader" (Bristol), 1s.; "A Regular Reader" (Loughton), 1s. 6d.; H. F. A., 1s. 6d.; B. Smethwick, 1s.; "Smiling Through," 1s. 1d.; "For Luck, A Ninth," 4s. 7d.; "Pontycymmer," 1s.; "Burnbank," 2s. 1d.; "Brighton," 1s. 1½d.; N. B., 2s.; "Hopeful" (Newton Heath), 1s. 1d.; "One Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "Dundee," 1s. 6d.; W., £1; S. W., 10s.; "Bury," 1s. 3d.; "Ketton," 1s.; "Dicky," 2s.; "Givit," 3s. 6d.; "In Sympathy," 1s.; Anon. (Oldham), 1s. 6d.; "Shop Lad," 1d.; "For Little Mother," 2s.; A. Warren, 7½d.; "Chaffeur," 2s.; "An Old Soldier," 1s. 4½d.; "Reader, R. M.," 6½d.; W. E. H., 1s.; F. O. B., 2s. 2d.; "Bfd in London," 1s. 6d.; "A Poor Family," 6d.; "Avan," 10d.; F. W. Brown, 2s. 10d.; F. S. C. (Bradford Moor), 6s. 4d.; N. W. Battersea, 6d.; "Bloater," J. H., 8½d.; Mary Leach, 2s.; R. T. and Sons, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. G. H. M., 1s.; A. W. Wimborne, 6d.; "Marguerite," 1s.; A. B. (Leeds), 1s.; "Unsuccessful," 6d.; R. McF., 6s.; Allan Park, 6s.; H. J., 1d.; "Attercliffe," 1s.; "Bardaw," 1s. 6d.; "Pen and Pencil Al," 3s.; "A Ninth, T. B.," 7½d.; "Often Stoney," 1s.; W. T. W., 5s.; "Francis' Ninth," 1s.; H. G. (Oldham), 2s. 6d.; "Aleathea," 1s. 1½d.; J. H. D., 9d.; J. O. (Shrewsbury), 6d.; "Brum," 5d.; Mrs. Sultan, 6d.; "Just for Luck," 4½d.; N. R. (Keighley), 1s. 3d.; "Hopeful," 2s.; "One Ninth," 9d.; "Adrienne" (Wrexham), 2s.; R. E. G., 1s.; "A Ninth," A. S., 2s.; "Yayeybwl," 6d.; W. W. (Birmingham), 1s.; "Begonia," 1s. 2d.; M. S., 2s. 6d.; J. R. H., 1s.; "Kinaldie," 2s. 6d.; "From a Working Man with a Large Family," 6d.; "The Old Brigade," 4d.; "A Ninth," 7½d.; "With Best Wishes to All," 1s. 9½d.; "Daddie's Ninth," 8d.; "A Poor Ailing Widow's Ninth," 1s. 6d.; W. O. C. (Eastney), 7d.; T. Wilde, 1s.; L. S., 2s. 6d.; "Unlucky 13," 1s. 6d.; "My Ninth" (Eastleigh), 7d.; W. F. K., 6d.; "Norwich," 1s.; H. J., 1s.; "Erpingham," 2s. 3d.; "Poor Woman," H. R., 6d.; "Unemployed Two Years," 2d.; L. T., 10d.; "Suffolk," 7d.; "London, W.C.," 9d.; "Erpinagh," 4½d.; "A Buddie's Ninth," 1s. 2d.; "Nebo," 3s. 6d.; "Floss," 2d.; "Peg's First Ninth," 4d.; "Kennington," 3d.; "Emmie" (Sale), 6d.; "Faversham," 3d.; "Small Heath," 1s. 6d.; A. D. N. B., 4s. 6d.; "Blackburn," 6d.; "Lucy's Ninth," 7½d.; T. St. O. K., 7½d.; "Howard St.," 6s. 6d.; "Mother of Five," 3d.; "In Grateful Memory," 1s.; "Fannie's Ninth," 8d.; "0447," 10s.; "Faith," 4d.; Mrs. L. Titcomb, 5s.; Mrs. Chichester, £1 1s.; "Neant," 1s.; Mrs. A. Haslam, 7½d.; "Winch," 6s.; A. L. (Nottingham), 9d.; K. A. W., 9d.; "Marie" (Bideford), £1; "St. Athan," 1s. 1d.; "Milford Haven," 6s.; D. A. (Bromley), 1s.; A. I. (Leith), 2d.; M. B. Tony, 6d.; "Highlander," 1s. 1½d.; A. A. R., 2s. 3d.; "Heath Friend," 6d.; "Reuben," 1s. 6d.; E. Andrews, 1s.; "Nerf," 2s. 6d.; I. V. (Penzance), 1s.; F. Collins, 5s.; H. G. Cantels, 2s.; "Sportsman's Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; E. B. H., 3d.; "Black" (Beaconsfield), 6s.; G. Bullock, 1s.; "Edmond," 6d.; H. J. P., 1s.; W. O. B. (Walthamstow), 5s.; S. N., 6d.; "First Ninth," 1s.; J. Brown, 9d.; T. Howitt, 1s.; M. Gooding, 6d.; "Rigs," 2s. 6d.; T. W. O., 1s. 6d.; "Wellwisher," 1d.; "Ex-soldier (Blind)," 1s.; "Faith in a Ninth," 1s. 9d.; A. B. O., 9d.; "Fresh Hope," 6d.; "Believer in Fate," 1s. 7d.; M. E. D., 1s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

(Continued from page 31.)

cton; A. Richardson, 158, Market Lane, [illegible] Nr. Rotherham; G. [illegible], [illegible] Welsted St., Hull; F. Rutt, The [illegible]; Mrs. J. [illegible], 2, West St., [illegible]; [illegible], 3, South View Terr., [illegible]; [illegible] Smith, c.o. the Manchester Country Club, [illegible]; Lieut. Ward Smith, [illegible] Hospital, [illegible] Surrey; G. H. [illegible], 22, Chamberlain St., [illegible]; H. J. [illegible], [illegible]; [illegible], 152, University [illegible]; [illegible] Alexandra St., [illegible]; [illegible] Guildford St., [illegible]; Miss A. [illegible]; [illegible] G. Taylor, [illegible], Earle Rd., [illegible]; Miss K. [illegible], [illegible] Rd., St. Thomas, [illegible]; B. Thomas, [illegible] Cott., Cardiff Rd., [illegible] Glam.; F. [illegible], Abbey Cott., [illegible]; Miss R. Tucker, 37, Scotts Rd., Leyton, E.; W. A. [illegible], 1, [illegible] Rd., Godalming; Mrs. [illegible], 76, [illegible] Rd., Catford, S.E.; A. [illegible], Alexandra Rd., [illegible]; [illegible] Norcot Rd., Tilehurst, Reading; E. [illegible], Westfield St., [illegible], Yorks; F. Williamson, [illegible], Fakenham, Norfolk; Miss F. [illegible], [illegible] Av., [illegible]; Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Oxon.; [illegible], Chester; [illegible] Young, [illegible] Green, [illegible], Glos.

No Pain After Eating

A Special Prescription for Painful Acid Dyspepsia,

Dispensed by WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., L.C.C., *Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health"; Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Gt. Britain.*

ACIDITY CURED In One Week for One Shilling.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, fullness after meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb., [illegible] grain, Soda Bicarb., [illegible] grains, Magnesia Carb., [illegible] grains, Oil of Peppermint, [illegible] drop, Oil of Aniseed, [illegible] drop. In 1 Tablet.*
(Sgn.: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,[illegible].)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over,

BISMUTH soothes and heals the [illegible] surface of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—1 tablet before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. [illegible] steady improvement; clean tongue; [illegible] breath and [illegible]; flatulence vanished; long-[illegible] face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London [illegible] Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (36 tablets). Larger family sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432). Post free. Prescription 1,[illegible].

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable & Painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15. Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

As a large buyer I am able to dispense medicines at reasonable fees. Further Prescriptions are given below. More home remedies are contained in my publication, "Health News," and I will send specimen copies to all purchasers of any of the following if asked for when ordering:—

☞ LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW, SEND FOR MEDICINE AT PRICES NAMED.

Cold in the Head Or Acute Nasal Catarrh,

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal [illegible], frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living. Shadforth Prescription No. 809TX. A new effervescent, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 331.

[illegible] COUGH, COLD ON THE CHEST, NASAL CATARRH. (Prescription 331.) *Paregoric Elixir, Licorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.* Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 809TX. See above.

WRINKLES, [illegible] FEET AND [illegible] HANDS. (Prescription 346.) Gives remarkable results and improves health. *Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.* Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and 7/-. With directions. In tablets.

DROPSY. (Prescription 202.) An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault. *Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.* Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144). With directions.

COMPLEXION [illegible], SALLOW SKIN, PIMPLES, ACNE AND SKIN ERUPTIONS. (Prescription [illegible].) *Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian.* Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144), [illegible] (432 tablets).

[illegible], [illegible] FLABBY LIMBS, CORPULENCY. (Prescription 579.) (A successful treatment.) *Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc.* Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). With directions.

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET. FOOT-BATH TABLETS. (Prescription 2[illegible]). *Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Wintergreen.* Price 7½d. (25), 1/- (50), 1/9 (100), 8/- (500).

NERVE AND FLESH-FORMING TONIC. Thinness, Nervousness, Anaemia. (Prescription 202.) *Zinc Phosphide, Calcium Hypophosphite, Lecithin, Soda Hypophosphite, Casein, Potassium Hypophosphite.* Price 1/- (25), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets).

DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE. (Prescription 202.) Contains Nature's Digestive Juices. *Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.* Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment. In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (100 tablets).

ANAEMIA, PALLOR, [illegible] BLOOD-LESSNESS. (Prescription 303.) Useful for Anaemic brainworkers, either male or female. *Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., [illegible], Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.* With directions. Price 1/- (36), 2/- (72), and 3/6 (144 pills).

Neurasthenia.

Chronic Nerve Exhaustion. The Disease of Modern Civilised Men and Women.

Neurasthenia, one of the dominant complaints of these times, is a weakness of the nervous system. Neurasthenia is curable, but the period required to effect the cure rests entirely with the sufferer. It depends on the determination to win through, and to fully understand the nature of the ailment. To combat Neurasthenia, associated with giddiness or faintness, we recommend Heart Tonic Prescription 630. This is splendid for shattered nerves, palpitation of the heart, and trembling limbs.

Trial Size 1/-

For shock, lassitude, mental depression, loss of memory and general debility, Prescription 470 acts like magic.

THE BRAIN AND NERVE VITALISING TONIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC. (Prescription 470.)

BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC.

MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. *PHOSPHORUS.* Constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers. *NUX VOMICA.* Increases Energy.

Phosphorus .. 1-100th gr.
Nux Vomica .. 1-8th gr.
Damiana .. ½ gr.
Lecithin .. ½ gr.
Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (72), 6/- (200), 27/- (900 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. *DAMIANA.* Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN.* Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC— PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA. A VALUABLE WARM-WEATHER TONIC.

HEART TONIC (Prescription 630.)

PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FALLING TO PIECES IN THE WARM WEATHER.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. *NUX VOMICA.* Increases Energy. *DIGITALIS.* Steadies the action of the heart.

Nux Vomica Ex. 1-16th gr.
Gentian Extract ½ gr.
Digitalis .. .. ½ gr.
Dandelion Extract ½ gr.
Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. *GENTIAN.* Tones the Stomach. *DANDELION* Stimulates the kidneys.

WEAKNESS, NERVE STARVATION, [illegible], [illegible]. (Formula [illegible].) *Quinine Hypoph., Calc. Hypoph., Sod. Hypoph., Haemoglobin, Oil of Aniseed.* With directions. Children may have half a tablet. Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (100 tablets).

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)
40 (Dept. J.B.[illegible]), King William Street,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

East End Branch—[illegible], Grove Road, Bow, E.3. Special Agents— Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.1, and Messrs. Lewis & Burrows.

BACKACHE, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago

and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Potassium Nitrate, 1½ grains, Juniper Oil, ⅛ drop, Colchicum, ⅛ grain, Pinus Turpentine, ⅛ grain, Capsicum, ⅛ grain, Bearberry Extract, [illegible] grain, Methylene Blue, [illegible] grain, Copaiba Balsam, ⅛ drop, Buchu Extract, ⅛ grain. In 1 Tablet.*

(Prescription No. 60.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432).

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, [illegible]. (Prescription 1,[illegible].) Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative. *Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.* With directions. Price 1/- (72), 2/3 (100), or 8/- (500 pills).

FORCED MARCH TONIC. (Prescription 4[illegible].) Will help you over the stile. *Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.* In pills. Price 2/6 (25), [illegible] (50), and 6/- (100). With directions.

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 2[illegible].) *Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Colchicum, Ground Nut, Podophyllin, Capsicin, etc.* Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

CONSUMPTION LUNG TONIC. (Prescription 2[illegible].) *Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.* Useful in combating lung weakness. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets). Pamphlet free on request.

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[illegible], CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 2[illegible].) *Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.* Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

[illegible], [illegible], ECZEMA, ALOPECIA ([illegible] Patches). (Prescription 2[illegible].) *Mercury [illegible], Creosote, Zinc Ointment.* To be applied night and morning. Price 1/9 and 4/-

[illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]. Specialist's known and approved prescription. *Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrate, Magnesia Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, in each tablet.* (Prescription 1,1[illegible].) Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (100 tablets).

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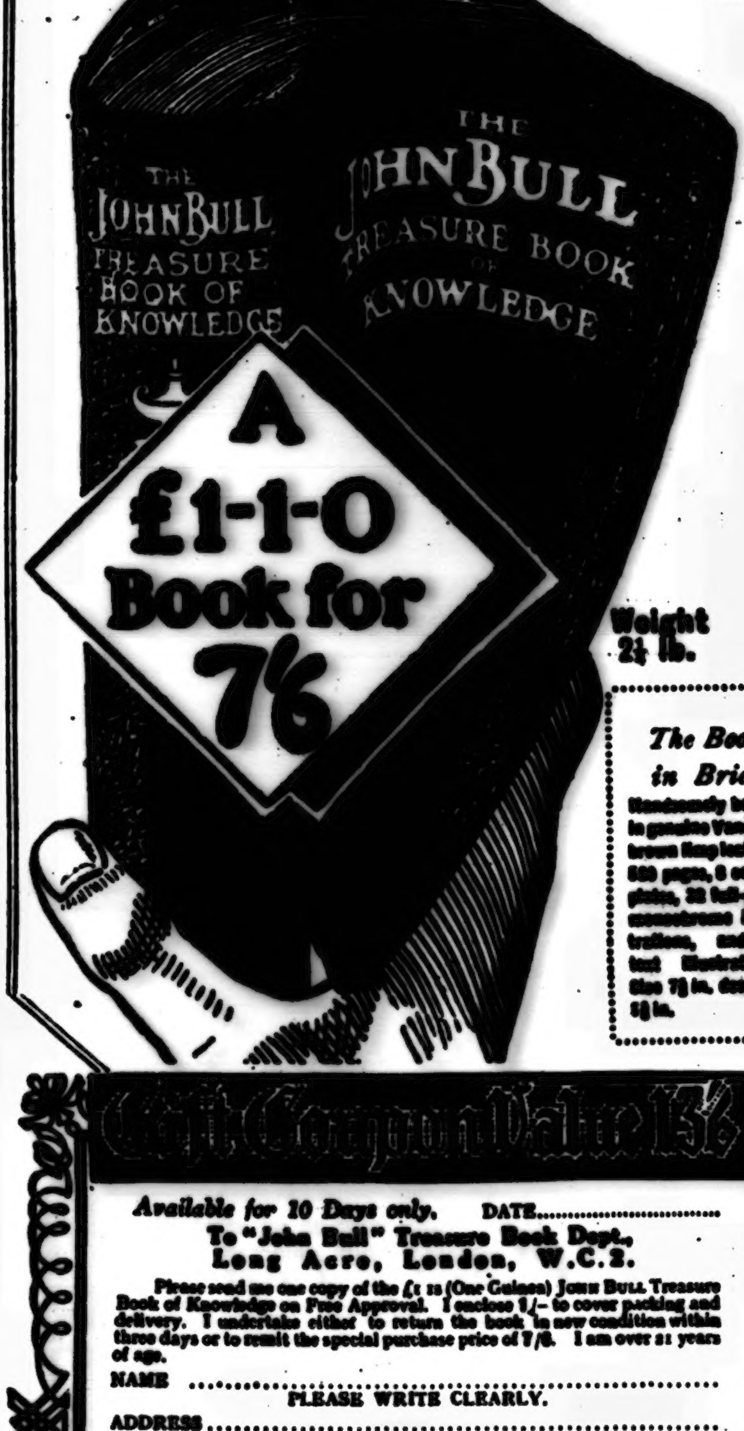
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RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 493.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. A. TAINTON,
37, Carnarvon Road, Barnet, London, N.

Example :—HOLIDAY PROBLEM
Bullet :—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MR. [illegible] J. W. CHARLTON,
St. Catherine's Lighthouse, Niton, Isle of Wight.

Example :—AFTER THE SHOW
Bullet :—AMERICA WANTED MONEY BACK.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MRS. [illegible] BRIDGER,
"[illegible]," Mayfield Road, East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

Example :—MORE THAN ENOUGH
Bullet :—SOME DRIVERS THINK INCH.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

T. H. WATTS, 29, Wolseley Gardens, Chiswick, W.
VALUABLE—REPARATIONS—BUT PEACE PRICELESS.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. WESTCOTT, 17, Highfield Road, Isleworth, Middx.
REST CURE—WATCHING THE "AVERAGE" CRICKETER.

MISS SPURGES, 5, City Road, Winchester, Hants.
IN THE DISTANCE—FORTUNE THAT'S OFFERED EVERYBODY.

T. MATTHEWS, 4, Albert Mansions, Stockwell Road, S.W.9.
VALUABLE—TIME, LAWYER'S—JURYMAN'S CHEAP.

F. CHALLIS, 12, McNeil Road, Camberwell, S.E.5.
GOOD LEAD—INADVISABLE, TOUT CARRYING LUGGAGE.

WILLIAM COX, 9, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
SWEET SIMPLICITY—HEAVIEST GUN, EVE'S BATTERY.

WILLIAM A. SHRIVES, 43, King Street, Maidenhead.
POINCARE—TAKING RISKS—RISKS TAKING.

E. COLLIS, 58, Richmond Road, Grays.
OLD COMPLAINT—BUT NEW EPIDEMIC, INSOLVENCY.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MRS. CAIN, 113, Vaughton Street, Highgate, Birmingham.
DRIFTING APART—SHE DANCES—HE DOESN'T.

J. W. C. STREET, 47, King Street, Shotton Colliery, Sunderland.
VALUABLE MARKS—IF THEY'RE VACCINATION.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

T. F. WEATHERLEY, Wellington Street, St. Ives, Hunts.
MORE THAN ENOUGH—"YELLOW BOYS" IN AMERICA.

J. GRINDROD, 6, Ingham Street, Todmorden, Yorks.
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MISS A. L. DURMAN, Bishops Hull, Taunton, Som.
LONG INTERVAL—DETECTIVE'S "JUST A MINUTE!"

HENRY J. MANSER, 78, Shelley Road, Boscombe, Hants.
AT THE CROSS ROADS—HUNGRY URCHIN—OPEN HANDBAG.

W. WARD WILLIS, 60, North Avenue, Ashvale, Tredegar, Mon.
HER DRESS—DENOTES THE HUSBAND REQUIRED.

ANDREW AITKEN, 7, Canon Street, Edinburgh.
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G. R. YARE, 133, Hambledon Street, Blyth, Northumberland.
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GORDON GIBSON, 20, Badminton Road, Bristol.
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PERCY W. CROSS, 4, Parkers Croft, Wolverhampton Road, Stafford.
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E. TURTON, Bell Street, Princes Risboro', Bucks.
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(Continued in next Column.)

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10 £5 2nd Prize £100 3rd Prize £50 200 5/-

10 £2 10 100 Prizes of £1 1000 2/6

5000 [illegible]

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 495.

OUR WEAKNESS
THE HARVEST
UP TO LONDON
REIGN OF TERROR
FORBIDDING
ATTACKING BRITAIN
IN THE SHADE
SEAMY SIDE
HALF THE BATTLE
SUCCESS
IN HER EYES
TOO LATE
A SHOWER
CRITICAL HOUR
IRONY OF FATE
IN WRONG HANDS
SCATTERED
NEARER HOME
DROPPING A HINT
MAN WHO PAYS
NATURALLY
AFTER A LITTLE
ONE OR TWO
FADING AWAY
AN ACCIDENT
JUST AS GOOD
PAYING HOLIDAY
ABOUT TIME
FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS
AT LARGE
ON THE JURY
SOMETHING NEW
MY JOB
GETTING RECKLESS
A REMEDY
NOTHING TO DO
FINDING FRIENDS
WHISTLING
LOSING LOVE
NOBODY'S FAULT

(Continued from previous column.)

[illegible], Gordon Rd., Nottingham ; M. T. Kendrick, Shottle House, Harlow Hill, Harrogate ; E. Kentfield, 1583, Ashton Old Rd., Nr. Openshaw, Manchester ; Mrs. E. Killean, Lyndhurst, Shrewsbury Lane, Shooters Hill, Kent ; P. Kirk, 28, Dovecot St., Stockton-on-Tees ; Mrs. D. Kirkwood, Hillsborough, Co. Down ; H. E. Laws, 18, Kitchener Rd., Ipswich ; R. G. Legg, Market Pl., Melksham, Wilts. ; J. Leonard, 101, Oakdale Rd., Leytonstone, E. ; V. Lloyd, c.o Mrs. Southall, High St., Burford, Oxon ; Mrs. [illegible], [illegible], Southfield Rd., Cotham, Bristol ; J. McKinley, [illegible] Rd., Fleetwood, Lancs. ; G. G. [illegible], Athole Cotts., Fenwick, N.B. ; R. C. [illegible], 3, Junction Rd., Bath ; G. J. Marshall, 134, Grafton St., Mile End, E. ; P. J. Morgan, 2, [illegible] Terr., Ford, Devonport ; E. Mullan, Ulster Hall, Belfast ; J. H. [illegible], 9, Cross Bank, Church Stretton, Salop ; A. Nicholson, South Carlton, Lincoln ; A. E. Noble, 109, [illegible] Rd., Bromley, Kent ; Miss F. [illegible], 51, Albert Rd., King's Heath, Birm. ; R. Owen, 28, Charles St., Norwich ; J. Owen, c.o H. W. [illegible], Ironmonger, Bury St. Edmunds ; J. Palmer, 93, Garnet Hill, Glasgow ; T. Parsons, 11, Elm Rd., Wisbech ; A. G. Pittendrigh, 80, High St., East Wallsend-on-Tyne ; W. E. [illegible], 2, Council Houses, Hatfield, Kent ; T. Rees, 92, Bridgend Rd., Llanharran, Nr. Ponty-

(Continued on page 28.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you : *Example* :—A MOCKERY *Bullet* :—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example* :—SURE THING *Bullet* :—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example* :—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet* :—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

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Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________
Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________

(495) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 28.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ______________________
Address ______________________

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________
Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________

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With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

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Address ______________________

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________
Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________

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Address ______________________

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________
Example ______________________
Bullet ______________________

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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 28.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ______________________
Address ______________________

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 493 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

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The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 492 can be seen in the window of Mr. Wm. Tasker, 29a, Barclay Place, Edinburgh.

"Bullets" Rules will be found on page 28.

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Mrs Luxton

The terrible pain and suffering associated with bad legs has been stopped permanently by Germolene in thousands of cases. *YOU* try it!

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Mrs. Luxton, 28, Tulip Place, New Church Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.10, says:—"Years ago I caught my leg on a bucket and a varicose vein broke, forming an ulcer. It was terribly painful and grew to the size of a penny. I went under treatment for months, but it was no use. So I tried various things. One of them skinned the ulcer over, but at once it broke out at the back and I had an open wound. Then came Germolene. The first dressing soothed and brought away a lot of bad matter, and from then the ulcer healed rapidly, and my leg is now as well as ever."

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and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

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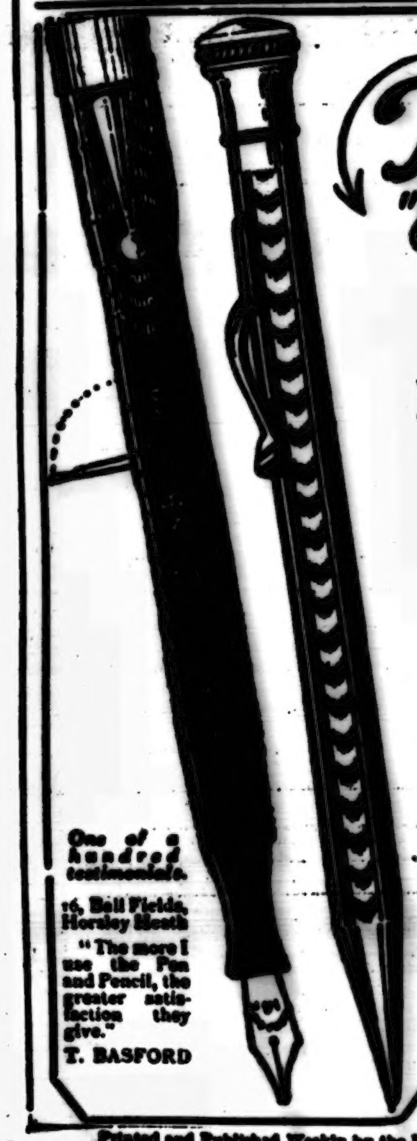

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Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

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T. BASFORD

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BIG Pots, of course, need Panshine as well as little ones. It cleans and polishes them splendidly, in the very best style. Where there is lots of tin there is bound to be plenty of Panshine, for altho' it is not costly it gives a rich polish. All metals from which pots and pans are made, look brightest and best when cleaned with Panshine.

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